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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE Italian Convention is a thing which no one in Italy appears very much to approve of, but about which no two parties seem inclined openly to disagree. Appearances, however, seem to indicate that the Convention will be approved by the Parliament, though not, perhaps, with any very great amount of enthusiasm. It has been asserted that the protest of the party of action circulated in Naples, and which bore the signature of Mazzini, did not really represent Mazzini's views, and that his signature to it was forged. However this may be, it is quite certain that the extreme party—which has the same principles and objects in all parts of the world, and which seeks to get everything it wants at one step, at the risk even of losing what it already possesses—desires in Italy to submit to no compromise, but to try the alternative of "Rome or death!" at the earliest possible opportunity. At the same time the men of action, the men of extreme views, do not as yet sufficiently

understand what the Convention really means to be able to base any settled course of policy upon it. Only the extremest of the extreme seem to have declared themselves as yet, and their declaration has not been followed by any of the regular "demonstrations" by which the practised hands of revolution usually support their manifestoes, nor has it elicited a formal reply from any of the advocates of a cautious and moderate policy. An indirect answer to the appeals of the revolutionists who would march upon Rome without any reference to the views of the Italian Government has, to be sure, been given by a number of workmen who met at Turin, and passed a resolution to the effect that anyone who disturbed public order must be regarded as a traitor to his country; and the Government itself has taken rather a despotie notice of a proclamation of Garibaldi against the Convention by seizing the journal that published it. In spite of this, parties in Italy have not yet taken up a decided attitude for and against the Convention. Garibaldi has spoken; and, if Mazzini himself

has not "pronounced," at least a certain number of his adherents have done so in his name, and without calling forth any expression of disapprobation from their great revolutionary master. But, between Garibaldi and Mazzini on the one hand, and the Government of the King of Italy on the other, a large mass of the population must still be undecided what side to take; and it will not be until after the decision of the Italian Chambers that foreigners will be able to come to any conclusion at all on the subject.

Hitherto but scanty accounts have reached us of the attempt that has just been made to raise the population of Venetia. The Turin version of the affair, however, corresponds closely enough with the first that was published, and which, coming to us through Vienna, was naturally regarded with some suspicion. Several bands dressed in the Garibaldian uniform entered Venetia from the Tyrol; and one of them, commanded by a man named Spalussi, formerly a Captain in Garibaldi's army, performed the favourite insurgent exploit



EMBARKATION OF PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT OSBORNE, AT ELSINORE.

of carrying off the tax collector's money-box, first at Spilembergo and afterwards at Maniago. At both places he left a receipt, and, having done so, will no doubt be able to persuade himself that he has not committed any act of brigandage. Insurgent chiefs should remember that when they break into the house of a petty Government official, and run off with the contents of his writing-desk or till, the hated Government loses nothing whatever by the operation. The inhabitants have to pay their taxes over again, and they alone feel the effect of their would-be liberator's brilliant feat of arms. During the late insurrection in Poland a dishonest clerk, employed in Government service in Galicia, contrived to steal a large sum from the office cashbox; but, considering himself a patriot, he left the usual receipt, saying, "I take so many thousand gulden on account of the vast debt due from Austria to my unhappy country." The Government treasury at Warsaw was plundered of several millions, and the men who did the stealing were declared by the National Government to have "deserved well of their country," in spite of which the country had in due time to pay an additional tax in order to make the missing sum good.

We can understand, approve, and admire the efforts made by the Italians to free themselves from foreign rule; but foolish little attempts, made by men who have not the confidence of the country, are strongly to be condemned. They lead to disastrous results, they injure the Italians' newly-gained reputation for prudence, and, if not absolutely contemptible in themselves, they can, at least, only be kept up even for a little while by contemptible means.

From America we have no news of importance either as to the progress of the war or as to the prospects of the rival candidates for the presidency. The war news, however, is a little more favourable for the South than it has been of late; and, so far as can be judged, the prospects of Mr. Lincoln's re-election seem favourable. Since the attention of England has been directed to the probability of Canada being invaded by the Federal Americans as soon as the war between Federals and Confederates shall have been brought to a conclusion, we fancy less desire must be felt by Englishmen than was felt before to see this conclusion arrived at. Nor can the French, on their side, be very anxious to see the Confederates left free to undertake the project attributed to them of invading and attempting the annexation of Mexico. We disapprove of prize fights; but if Heenan and Sayers were already engaged in one, and it was understood that as soon as the fight came to an end they meant, each on his own account, to attack those nearest to them, then their neighbours and their neighbours' friends would certainly wish the struggle to last as long as possible, and would not be very sorry to see both of the combatants come out of it considerably weakened.

EMBARKATION OF PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AT ELSINORE.

ON Tuesday, the 11th inst., the Royal yacht Osborne left Elsinore—or Helsingør, as the Danes write it—taking with her the infant Prince Albert Victor of Wales. There was very little ceremony connected with the departure, but a considerable crowd had collected to witness the event. The child was sent down to the steamer without any fuss or ceremony. He was accompanied by Dr. Sieveking, Lady De Grey, and the necessary servants. One of the suite was also sent down to see the departure, in order, probably, that he might answer any questions concerning the arrangements which the family at Fredensborg might desire to put. The child, with these attendants, was driven down to the side of the steamer at a few minutes before two, and almost directly afterwards the gangway was hauled on shore, the hawsers were cast off, and the Osborne began to work her way out of the harbour. The harbour here is extremely small, and of course it is unnecessary to enlarge it, as the trade that once came to Helsingør flows now direct to Copenhagen, in consequence of the abolition of the Sound dues and from other causes. It is large enough for its ordinary work; but, nevertheless, it is extremely small for the Osborne, and it required a good half hour to get the ship's head round. This task accomplished, however, she steamed, at a dignified pace, out into the Sound and started on her voyage for Lübeck. The little Prince was thence taken by rail to Glückstadt, so as to economise time a little and save the voyage down the Elbe from Hamburg. At Glückstadt he was taken on board the *Salamis*, by her to Hull, and thence to her Majesty, at Balmoral, as already reported.

DEATH OF GENERAL LIPRANDI.—The Russian papers announce the death of the famous General Paul Petrovitch Liprandi, so well known in the Crimean War. Liprandi, born in 1796, served under General Woronzow in the campaign of 1812-15. In the Polish War of 1831 he greatly distinguished himself, notably at the capture of Warsaw and at his storming of two Polish redoubts. In 1848 he became Lieutenant-General and Commander of the 12th Division of Infantry. In 1854 he replaced General Aurep at the blockade of Kalafat, and, after the Alma, went to the Crimea, where he inflicted great damage on the English cavalry. He led the Russian troops at Inkerman, Nov. 5, 1854, and was immortalised by *Punch*:—

Remember, remember,
The 5th of November,
Inkerman, powder, and shot,
When General Liprandi
Met Jack, Pat, and Sandy,
And a mighty fine licking he got.

He occupied the heights of Tchernaya, and menaced the flank of the allied army. In 1855 he commanded the left wing of the Russian army at the battle of Traktir, and defended the defiles of Belbeck. Latterly, General Liprandi commanded the 6th Division of Infantry in the interior of the Russian empire.

CANADIAN EXHIBITION.—The annual provincial exhibition of Upper Canada was held this year at Hamilton on the four last days of September. About 30,000 persons paid for admission. The articles exhibited were more than 6,000 in number; the live stock exceeded 2,000; but the exhibition included, also, not only agricultural implements and farm products, but manufactured goods of all kinds, works of fine art, and ladies' work. Of the reaping and mowing machines the judges reported that, though there was considerable difference in the quality of the work done, it was all well done. The machines, as a whole, wrought well, no breaking down, no total failures. The samples of grain exhibited were pronounced extremely good, and the judges considered that the statements generally made of the failure of the crops must have been somewhat exaggerated. The president, Colonel Johnson, in closing the exhibition, gave a statement (from the returns, apparently, of 1860 or 1861) that the production of grain, peas, beans, and potatoes in the State of New York amounted to twenty-seven bushels per head of population; in Pennsylvania, thirty-two bushels; in Michigan, forty-two; in Ohio, forty-nine; but in Upper Canada nearly fifty-six bushels per head. He stated that the season just closed had shown the importance of draining. The farmers who had their lands drained were able to get in their crops at a time when soils undrained could not be worked at all in consequence of the spring rains, and it was remarkable how slight the effects of the drought of this summer had been upon drained land as compared with undrained. But the yield, he said, taking all the various productions of the field into account, is likely to prove somewhat below the average.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Emperor took his departure on Wednesday for Nice, where he will meet the Czar; and the Paris papers are occupied with speculations as to whether or not there is any political object to be attained at the interview. The journals are also busy discussing the Ministerial statement at the opening of the Italian Parliament and the despatches on the subject of the Convention. The semi-official papers show much soreness at the way in which their interpretation of the Convention, as it respects Rome, has been upset by the Italian Government's explanations.

It is stated that a project is under serious consideration of establishing a Public Works Fund, to occupy the same position towards undertakings of general utility for the whole of France as is fulfilled by the Works Fund for the city of Paris.

ITALY.

The Italian Parliament was reopened on Monday. A large number of Deputies were present, among whom were the members of the late Ministry. The new Ministers were all in their places. General Della Marmora laid on the table the Franco-Italian Convention and the diplomatic correspondence relating to it. Signor Lanza brought in a bill for the transfer of the capital to Florence, and requested that it might be declared urgent and discussed at once. An investigation into the recent disastrous events in Turin was asked for by several members, and was readily agreed to, and a committee of nine was appointed for the purpose. In the course of the day the Ministry made a statement to the Chamber in which they said they presented the Convention to the Chambers, not only believing its sanction to be henceforth a political necessity, but being convinced that its benefits are immensely superior to its inconveniences. The Ministerial declaration acknowledges the grave sacrifices involved in the transfer of the capital; but, as the result of this measure will be the removal of foreign troops from Italian soil and the preparation of a satisfactory solution to the Roman question, it is in the name of the national dignity, independence, and unity that these sacrifices are called for. The Chambers have been adjourned till further orders, probably to give time for the members to consider the terms of the Convention and the accompanying documents. A meeting of about 200 members of the Parliament was held in Turin on Tuesday to adopt some resolution in reference to the Convention. The meeting decided unanimously upon supporting the Ministry in relation to it.

A telegram from Venice reports that, on Sunday, the 16th inst., forty refugees from the south of the Tyrol appeared in the province of Udine, government of Venetia. They were dressed in Garibaldian blouses, and carried a tricoloured flag. The barracks of the gendarmes in Spilembergo and Maniago were surprised, the guard disarmed, and the barracks plundered. Attempts to induce the inhabitants to rise having failed, the refugees withdrew to the mountain passes. Troops were dispatched in pursuit, and to protect the inhabitants. Sixteen young men, on their way to join the refugees, were attacked by the soldiers. A further telegram from Udine states that a band of about one hundred insurgents, among whom are several deserters, had taken refuge in the forest of Consiglio. Several deserters at Cadore and Belluno were endeavouring to join them. The Italian journals divest this insurrectional movement in Venetia of all importance. According to them, the facts related were merely the exploits of a band of malefactors.

AUSTRIA.

Some sort of Ministerial crisis is reported to have occurred in Vienna. Count Rechberg, Minister for Foreign Affairs, is said to have tendered his resignation, which had been accepted by the Emperor. Count Mensdorff-Pouilly is mentioned as his successor, but nothing definite is as yet known.

Both Chambers of the Reichsrath are to meet on the 12th of November, which is earlier than was expected.

PRUSSIA.

A Berlin semi-official paper delicately intimates that Prussia is not in a position to accept forthwith the duchy of Lauenburg's offer of annexation. She can only act in conjunction with Austria. But Prussia fully appreciates the advances made by Lauenburg, and will do her best to meet the wishes of the population in that respect.

GERMANY AND DENMARK.

We are assured from Berlin that "the peace negotiations are progressing most favourably. The delay arose solely from unavoidable discussions of minor points and formalities. The most friendly understanding has existed without interruption between Prussia and Austria. The treaty of peace has already been submitted to all parties concerned, and it is believed that the respective representatives have received definite powers from their Governments for the final settlement of the treaty. The conclusion of peace may therefore be daily expected."

MEXICO.

The intelligence from Mexico is very favourable to the new monarchy. Vidaurri and the other chiefs had made their submission, and the Emperor Maximilian was everywhere received with enthusiasm. The French have occupied Matamoros. The report that Miramon had rebelled seems to have been unfounded.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

We have advices from New York to the evening of the 15th inst. There had been no further fighting of importance near Richmond and Petersburg since the skirmishes previously reported to have taken place on the 7th. General Lee's report of these so-called skirmishes states that he attacked the Federals on the Charles City road, and drove them from two intrenched lines, capturing ten guns. Finding the enemy further strongly intrenched, he did not press them. General Gregg was killed. Southern journals claim that the engagement was a signal victory, the Federals being driven five miles from the city. General Grant reports that his loss amounted to 400 men, the Confederate loss being 1100.

The *World* contains a rumour that General Grant had removed Generals Warren and Meade for protesting against his orders to assault the Confederate works in their front, which are of great strength.

Sheridan had retreated to Strasburg. He reports that on the 9th inst. he repulsed Early's cavalry, who followed him to that point, capturing 300 prisoners and eleven cannon. He declares that he had devastated the whole country between the Blue Ridge and the North Mountains, destroying 2000 barns and seventy mills, which were filled with hay, farming implements, meal, and flour. In retaliation for the shooting of a subordinate officer he burnt all the dwellings within five miles' radius of the spot where he fell. General Longstreet had superseded General Early. Several guerrilla bands had entered Maryland.

Burbridge's version of the affair at Saltville, Virginia, is to the effect that he drove the Confederates to their works, and withdrew for want of ammunition, leaving behind his wounded. This latter circumstance would seem to confirm the previous report that his expedition was a failure, and that he was severely beaten and obliged to retreat precipitately.

Sherman reports, on the 9th inst., that Hood's forces operating in his rear had occupied Dalton, and that he feared an attack by them on Kingston and Rome. He adds that seven miles of the way to Chattanooga were destroyed, but that, having plenty of provisions in Atlanta, he felt secure, so far as his main army was concerned. Despatches from Augusta, Georgia, of the 8th inst., to the *Richmond Whig*, report the recapture of Rome by the Confederates, with over 3000 prisoners. The *Richmond* journals also contain rumours that Hood had captured Atlanta, together with four Federal corps; and other Southern journals still assert that the movements progressing in Georgia render Sherman's position untenable.

Price had made a demonstration before Jefferson city to cover the passage of the main army across the Osage River. During the

night his army, 20,000 strong, with twenty cannon, passed westward. Pleasanton, with 8000 cavalry, pursued him, and engaged his rear at Jefferson, while Curtis, coming from Kansas, engaged Price in front. No particulars of these engagements are given, but it is said that Price's headquarters were at Borneville, and that he had proclaimed his intention to remain in Missouri.

A Federal force of infantry and artillery from General Washburn's department, under Colonel Hodge, proceeding up the Tennessee on transports, conveyed by gun-boats, was attacked and driven back at East Point, on the 10th inst., by General Forrest. The Federals admit the loss of two transports, all their artillery, and fifty men killed and wounded.

It was reported that the preparations which were being made for a Federal attack on Wilmington, both by sea and land, were nearly completed.

The elections of Pennsylvania had resulted in a large Democratic majority on the home vote, which it was believed the soldiers' vote could not overcome. In Maryland the elections show a majority of several thousand against the adoption of an anti-slavery constitution. It was believed that the soldiers' vote could not reverse this result. The Republican ticket had been elected in Indiana and Ohio by a large majority.

Mr. Auguste Belmont, chairman of the National Democratic Committee, had published an address to the people of the United States denouncing the acts of tyranny and usurpation of the Administration, the suppression of Democratic newspapers, and the imposition of test oaths. He concluded with threats of the adoption of revolutionary measures in case of any illegal interference in the approaching elections.

Vice-President Stephens had written a letter in which he says that the only key-note to peace is the acknowledgment of the sovereignty of the States. He favours an armistice and a convention of the States, and he believes that the question of the boundaries of the confederacies—Union or Unions—would adjust themselves to the interest of parties and the exigencies of the times.

Chief Justice Taney had died at Washington, and, it was reported, would be succeeded by Mr. Chase.

THE FRANCO-ITALIAN CONVENTION.

ORIGIN AND OBJECTS OF THE CONVENTION.

THE following despatch from Signor Visconti Venosta, late Minister for Foreign Affairs at Turin, to Cavaliere Nigra, at Paris, throws considerable light on the origin and objects of the Convention of Sept. 15:—

Turin, June 17, 1864.

Signore Ministro.—Baron Malaret has called on me, and read a despatch, in which M. Drouyn de Lhuys replies to the different communications which you, on my part, have made to him on the Roman question. In this paper the Imperial Minister allows that the King's Government has done all in its power to pacify men's minds and smooth down existing difficulties. In thus rendering justice to our intentions, the Imperial Minister declares that the French Government, on its side, also desires ardently a reconciliation between the King's Government and the Court of Rome; and that its best wish is to arrive at the time when France shall be able to withdraw her troops from Rome without injury to those interests which she is there to protect. Further, he asserts that the honour of France is pledged to maintain that occupation as long as the safety of the Pontiff is without sufficient guarantees. In the mean time, M. Drouyn de Lhuys points out that hitherto my despatches have contained no formal proposition, and he concludes by stating once again that the French Government will ever be disposed to receive proposals which it can consider of such a nature as to solve the great problem of the relations of the Holy See with Italy. I hastened to thank M. de Malaret for these communications, and I profit by the presence in Paris of the Marchese Peppi to beg him to join his efforts to yours and to complete, verbally, the propositions which the King's Government desires to bring before the Imperial Cabinet. In my despatch of July 9, 1863, I indicated, as a basis of agreement, the stipulation of the "application to Rome as well as to the rest of Italy of the principle of non-intervention." The maintenance of non-intervention is, indeed, one of the political principles common to Italy and to France. This principle can the better be taken as a starting-point for these delicate negotiations, inasmuch as the Emperor, first, in his letter to M. Thouvenel, and then, in his letter to Count Cavour, has recognised its applicability to the Roman territory. In making the recall of the French troops the main object of the transaction, we are guided by no ambitious or interested preoccupations. As I have often had the honour to declare, Italy sees in an agreement with the Holy See the best means of satisfying the aspirations of the nation. This agreement, which has been the lofty aim of the Emperor's policy, and for which France has spared no cost, we are determined to pursue, and we do not yet despair of obtaining it. Therefore, we are prepared to give to the Holy See the guarantees necessary to replace it in those conditions of peace and tranquillity which are indispensable to the dignity and independence of its deliberations; so that, with the aid of time and circumstances, it may become more accessible to those ideas of reconciliation to which we have never ceased to appeal. These guarantees should, in my opinion, consist in an engagement—which the King's Government is inclined to undertake—that the Roman territory shall be attacked neither by a regular nor irregular force; and, further, in a promise to raise no objection to the formation of a regular army, provided it is recruited by the Papal Government purely as a means of defence. Further, in order to demonstrate that, in our opinion, a direct agreement with the Holy See is the surest way of solving existing difficulties, the Italian Government will undertake to assume the liability of a part of the Roman debt proportioned to the provinces annexed to Italy. In laying before you these final considerations I repeat, almost verbally, the tenor of articles of which you will find a copy annexed, and to which you will direct the attention of M. Drouyn de Lhuys. These propositions are, moreover, perfectly familiar to the Emperor and to his Ministers. As you are aware, they formed the basis of the confidential negotiations commenced by Count Cavour a short time previous to his death. The events of late years have only, in our opinion, rendered more manifest the necessity and opportunity of this basis of a compromise.

According to the solemn declaration of the Emperor and his Ministers, the object of the occupation of Rome by French troops was to bring about a reconciliation between Italy and Rome. This object not having up to this time been obtained, it becomes necessary to replace the guarantees with which France has till now surrounded the Holy See by other material and moral securities which will not irritate Italian susceptibilities, and which at the same time will not be a flagrant violation of the principles of the basis of public right of Italy and France. We should be pleased to learn that the Emperor had accepted the proposal which we submit to his serious consideration. If this proposal does not attain to the immediate solution of the problem of the relations of the Holy See with Italy, it reaches, in our opinion, a more practical end. In a word, it offers the only means of arriving gradually at a solution of the Roman question by the slow and infallible triumph of that moral force to which the Italian Parliament has appealed by its votes—that is to say, the progressive application of the principles of right and religious liberty.

VISCONTI VENOSTA.

A PARISIEN PAMPHLET.

A pamphlet, entitled "La Convention du 15 Septembre, 1864," and which is supposed to proceed from a semi-official source, has just made its appearance in Paris. Its main argument seems directed to prove that France and Italy can have no other object in view than to execute, faithfully and loyally, all the points of the Convention, securing the possession of Rome to the Pope, and granting Florence as the definitive capital of Europe. The pamphlet concludes as follows:—

France is alone at Rome because she is there carrying out the common task of Catholicity; but if, after long and persevering efforts, she should not attain her object by reason of the duplicity of Italy, as the question of the Papacy is not of a kind which can always remain without solution, it is probable that the Catholic Powers would ultimately put in their claim to take part in the matter. In place, then, of sympathising France, the Italians might well end by having the Austrians, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, and Bavarians at Rome—that is to say, neighbours who would, perhaps, not so much assist as we should in the removal of the difficulties inherent to the position of the Italian kingdom.

These eventualities, which the most ordinary common-sense indicates, have been seen by Italian statesmen as well as by us, and it is to remove them that they desired, in signing the Convention of the 15th of September last, to obtain the assistance of France.

The time at which France would withdraw her troops from Rome was that pointed out in advance by the very object of her policy; it was the time when, in quitting the States of the Church, she could leave behind her the Papacy respected and guarded by Italy herself. The evacuation was the opportunity, it was even necessary, as soon as it became possible without danger; but if the value which the French Government attaches to the independence of the Holy See has been hitherto placed beyond doubt by fifteen years of respectful and efficacious protection, it is rendered still less dubious by the precautions with which the execution of the Convention of the 15th September has been surrounded.

France assuredly believes in the loyalty of the Italian Government, since

she has accepted its engagements; but, without attaching any doubt to its desire to remain faithful to them, she has been able to foresee the difficulties which, in a country still agitated and occupied with its definitive organisation, hostile parties might entail upon their punctual execution. It is to give Italy time to strengthen herself in her new resolutions, and to draw nearer to the Holy See, that France has stipulated the delay of two years for the entire evacuation of Rome. It is further, and above all, to give the Papacy time to seek, to ripen, and to organise, without surprise and precipitation, the means which France has reserved by the Convention, with a view of providing for its internal security. Under the shadow of the French flag the new army will be organised, small, but sufficient to maintain order, and composed of elements which the Holy Father will have judged the most appropriate to his position. Those who, having lived in Italy, know that the populations of the villages and the immense majority of the population of Rome are at bottom devoted to the Papacy and its paternal rule, are also aware that the problem of the security of Rome is reduced to watching and keeping down a certain number of plunderers, such as all great cities contain. A small army, supported by the good will of the Roman population, will be sufficient for this task, as soon as the Italian Government shall have rendered it more facile by its own loyal co-operation.

Thus there will be solved, to the honour of France and of her Government, this delicate and difficult Roman question, which has caused such well-grounded uneasiness in the Catholic mind. We are sufficiently acquainted with the wisdom of the Holy Father to feel persuaded that his Government will not give to over-excited minds any of the pretences they will not fail to seek, to lay obstacles in the way of the happy and proximate reconciliation of the Papacy and Italy.

AUSTRIA, SPAIN, AND THE CONVENTION.

The *Mémorial Diplomatique* has the subjoined:—

Diplomatic communications of recent date have definitely enlightened the French Government as to the attitude taken by the Austrian Cabinet in presence of the Franco-Italian Convention of Sept. 15. The Cabinet of Vienna is desirous of an alliance with France, as it has been in the past and will be in the future. Such is the general situation, and no circumstance has hitherto transpired to produce any change. As to the Treaty of Sept. 15, the Austrian Government declares that it accepts with confidence the guarantees with which the French Government has surrounded it. In its eyes the value of the Treaty consists solely in the signature of France; but that suffices for the Cabinet of Vienna, and it desires nothing more. As a proof of the sincerity of its intentions towards France, the Austrian Government engages not to exert any influence on the ulterior determinations of the Holy Father. If the Pope consults the Cabinet of Vienna as to the course he shall take with regard to the Roman Convention, the Cabinet of Vienna will advise his Holiness to accept, purely and simply, the situation induced by the new arrangements. Only, according as that situation shall be developed in one sense or another, Austria reserves for that moment its rights as a Catholic Power.

The same journal likewise says:—

We are informed that Spain has addressed to the French Government its answer to the communication of the Franco-Italian Treaty of the 15th of September. The Cabinet of Madrid declares that it has no wish to oppose any obstacle to the development of the situation produced by the Convention signed by France. It adds that it relies on the engagements taken by the Cabinet of the Tuilleries to keep Italy and the Italians within the letter of the Treaty, and that Spain had not at present, in its quality as a Catholic Power, any objection to make against the arrangements concluded.

ENGLAND AND GREECE.

The following is a despatch recently addressed by Earl Russell to Mr. Erskine, our Minister at Athens, of which a very distorted version was given by the Greek papers, and which was commented upon—in ignorance of its real contents, of course—by some of those English journals who grasp at every opportunity of denouncing the Foreign Secretary, whether he happens to do right or do wrong:—

Foreign Office, Sept. 19.

Sir,—I have received your despatch of the 1st inst., reporting the request of Count Sponeck that her Majesty's Government would exert their influence with the National Assembly, and especially with the so-called "English party," to induce them to proceed with the discussion of the Constitution without unnecessary delay.

You will state to Count Sponeck that her Majesty's Government have no relations with any political party in Greece, and only wish to act in concert with France and Russia in the general interests of Greece.

But as regards the request made by Count Sponeck for the exertion of English influence on the National Assembly, you will say that, although her Majesty's Government would not object to her Majesty's representative expressing to any deputies who may speak to him on public affairs an opinion in favour of an early settlement of the constitution, it would not be consistent with the principles of her Majesty's Government to attempt to influence the decisions of the Assembly, while to do so would be setting a bad example, and might lead other Powers to exert influence in some other and more objectionable direction.

The less foreign Powers interfere in the internal affairs of Greece the better will be the prospect of internal tranquillity and external peace for that kingdom.—I am &c.,

RUSSELL.

The Hon. E. M. Erskine.

THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.

It seems that the telegram reporting the submission of the insurgent New Zealanders somewhat overstated the facts, as it will be seen from the following official despatches from General Cameron, which have been received by the Secretary for War, that it is only a portion of the tribes—those of Tauranga—who have laid down their arms. Others, however, are expected to follow the example.

Head-quarters, Auckland, Aug. 2, 1864.

My Lord,—I have the honour to report that, in accordance with the intention expressed in my despatch to your Lordship of the 7th of June, I have not undertaken any active operations against the rebels during the past month. I have, however, the satisfaction of informing your Lordship that, on the 25th of July, 133 natives of Tauranga, including some chiefs of rank, delivered up their arms to Colonel Greer, commanding at that station, and signed a declaration of allegiance to the Queen, leaving their lands at the disposal of the Governor. His Excellency has requested me to accompany him to Tauranga, where he has been solicited by the natives to meet them and arrange the terms of their submission. It is expected that W. Thompson and other chiefs will also be present; in which case it is possible that other tribes besides those of Tauranga may be included in the arrangement. I fear, however, that, from the want of adhesion among the many tribes composing the native population, it is scarcely to be expected that the meeting about to take place at Tauranga will lead to a general pacification of the country.—I have, &c., D. A. CAMERON, Lieut.-General.

Head-quarters, Tauranga, New Zealand, Aug. 6, 1864.

My Lord,—I have the honour to report that the meeting referred to in my despatch, between His Excellency the Governor and the natives of Tauranga, has passed off most satisfactorily, the natives having submitted unconditionally to the Queen's authority and placed all their lands at the Governor's disposal. I herewith inclose the terms of peace which were granted to them, and with which they all expressed themselves perfectly satisfied. Hostilities are now at an end in this part of the colony; and there is reason to hope that the liberal terms accorded to the natives of Tauranga may induce other tribes to make their submissions.

I have, &c., D. A. CAMERON, Lieut.-General.

SIR GEORGE GREY'S ADDRESS TO THE HOSTILE NATIVES OF TAURANGA ON AUG. 6, 1864.

At present I am not acquainted with the boundaries or extent of your land, or with the claims of individuals or tribes. What I shall therefore do is this: I shall order that settlements shall be at once assigned to you, as far as possible in such localities as you may select, which shall be secured by Crown grants to yourselves and your children. When this has been done, and the boundaries of your lands have been ascertained, I will inform you in what manner the residue of your lands will be dealt with; but, as it is right in some measure to mark our sense of the honourable manner in which you have conducted hostilities, neither robbing nor murdering, but respecting the wounded, I promise you that, in the ultimate settlement of your lands, the amount taken shall not exceed one fourth of the whole land. And in order that you may, without delay, again be placed in a position which will enable you to maintain yourselves, as soon as your future location has been decided, seed, potatoes, and the means of settling on your lands will be given you. I now speak to the friendly natives. I thank you warmly for your good conduct under circumstances of great difficulty. I will consider in what manner you shall be rewarded for your fidelity. In the mean time, in any arrangements which may be made about the lands of your tribe, your rights will be scrupulously respected.

Tauranga, Aug. 6, 1864.

G. GREY.

ROYAL LINEAGE OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—It is not generally known that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is a descendant of two Royal houses. Sir Bernard Burke's recently published "Royal Descents" gives the pedigree of the Gladstone family, and shows a descent from Henry III., King of England, and Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. Lady Joan Beaufort, a descendant of Henry III., married James I. of Scotland, a descendant of Bruce; and from this alliance is clearly traced the descent of Andrew Robertson, Sheriff-Substitute of Ross, whose daughter Anne married Sir John Gladstone, Bart., of Fasque and Balfour, and bore several sons, including the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

THE COST OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

AMERICAN calculations recently published prove that two millions of men have been lost to industry, and that, instead of two or three hundred millions sterling, the Northern Treasury has already expended double the largest of those amounts. In June last the Federal debt was \$520,000,000. Since then the war has been carried on at the estimated cost of £800,000 a day. By March next, therefore, when Mr. Lincoln, if elected, will begin his second term of office, the debt of the North will amount to £700,000,000. The interest of this debt will be, at least, £12,000,000. This principal, however, gives a very imperfect idea of the sum total of the national liability. All reference to the Confederacy and its debt is of course omitted. The seven hundred millions do not include "the immense amount of unsettled claims yet to be brought in," of which the American estimate speaks. The items we need not specify; but, coming at once to the total of the calculation, we find they will add more than £300,000,000 to the ascertained debt, making a grand total, which can be more clearly expressed in words than figures, of one thousand one hundred millions sterling. This is half the value of all the real and personal property in the "loyal States," even reckoning among them the two States of doubtful allegiance, Missouri and Kentucky.

But even now we have not arrived at the climax. The last property valuation of the Northern States was made when they were at the height of solid prosperity. Since that period the productive powers of all have been fatally diminished, and Maryland, Missouri, Western Virginia, and Kentucky have been devastated. The last tale of destruction is from the Valley of the Shenandoah, which is being deliberately converted into a desert. The interest of the debt already accumulated is reckoned at six per cent, or almost double that of England; so the Americans have the prospect of bearing a future financial burden exceeding that borne by any European nation. To pay the interest of the several loans their resources are almost in inverse proportion. In the last year of Mr. Buchanan's administration the Federal Government had a surplus revenue large enough to enable it to pay off its debt. It bought up its own outstanding liabilities at a premium, for, as a good investment, they had long stood above par in the market. Then the United States Federal debt was really a "feabite," compared with the revenue and resources of the country. The revolution the Americans will not see has destroyed all this financial prosperity. To meet these enormous liabilities the Federation has only £14,000,000 yearly revenue from the Customs' duties, which are paid in gold. It is exactly one third of the amount required for the interest of the present debt. The current expenses of the war have been met almost entirely by loans. This explains much of the popular indifference to, and even ignorance of, the real magnitude of the national peril. The mass of the people has as yet contributed very little in a direct shape to the cost of these campaigns. And there is a conviction, which may help to realise itself, that they shall not have to pay. Of course, those may laugh at debts who never paid a tax; but that they will escape the burden altogether is a delusion. Nor can they long continue to hide from themselves the fact that the present crisis is a terrible revolution, not a rebellion of which the present importance and future consequences may be despised. Is that a small conflagration in a State which in four years has devoured two millions of men, and in money double the amount of the debt of Great Britain, which represents to us the wars of more than a century? More fear than the Americans now express would indicate greater political wisdom.—Times.

IRELAND.

THE NEW LORD LIEUTENANT.—The following are said to be the arrangements respecting the reception of the new Viceroy:—Lord Wodehouse will be conveyed to Kingstown in a special steamer from Holyhead. He will be received at Kingstown by the chief officials of the castle, and will proceed by special train to Westland-row. His Excellency will ride through the streets, which will be lined, as usual upon the occasions of a Viceregal entry, and will be conducted to the castle, where the oaths of office will be administered with the accustomed ceremonies. An undress levée will afterwards be held.

THE CARRICK WITCH.—Mary Doherty, known as the "Carrick Witch," was tried at the Clonmel Quarter Sessions last week for fraudulently obtaining goods from Joseph and Mary Reeves, at Carrick-on-Suir, on the 1st of June, 1864. Mary Reeves deposed that the prisoner had attempted to cure one of her children with herbs boiled in new milk, and continued attending the house for that purpose nearly every day during ten months. She said she used to see her dead father and other dead members of the witness's family in the Moate, at Ballydine, and, as a proof, the prisoner said that the witness was to get a note for them, which Captain James Power was to write for them. The witness's child was sent for the note, and several letters were received purporting to come from the deceased relatives. The prisoner next said she wanted bread, butter, and tea for the people in the Moate, and these were daily supplied during four months. The witness also fancied that she saw her own deceased father. He was sitting in a chair opposite the door, quite near her, having on a blue coat, knee breeches, and a hat. He said three times he was going, and that he would return with plenty; and the prisoner said he was going with "the gentry," but would return. The prisoner often asked the witness for wine and spirits. Since her arrest there had been no appearance from the other world. The husband of this woman, Joseph Reeves, sub-constable, was as great a dupe as his wife. He said that he saw and knew his father-in-law, who was only twenty yards from him. He believed that the man had come to life, and thought he had a ghostly appearance. He never saw a dead man standing before him. He saw his son also in an empty house, where he was brought by the prisoner. He, too, had a ghostly appearance, and had not the shape of a living person, and the prisoner stated that it would take a considerable time for him to come to perfection. The jury found the prisoner "Guilty." Mr. Sergeant Howley, who presided on the Bench, stated that he had been informed by Mr. Board, sub-inspector of constabulary, that the dead persons had been personated by the prisoner's blind husband, and a man who led him about. One of the apparitions was at dark, and the other in the night. The prisoner then cried, "Oh, my Lord, think of my poor blind man and my poor children!" and the Court answered, "You are a terrible woman and a dangerous impostor. You must be confined in gaol for twelve months, and kept to hard labour."

THE PROVINCES.

THE INCENDIARY FIRES IN YORKSHIRE AND LINCOLNSHIRE.—The prevalence of fires in stackyards is causing inquiry to be made by some of the insurance offices into the bearing of a report which has gained currency, that these destructive fires are likely to occur only in the stackyards of those farmers who have used reaping-machines. It is said that threatening notices to that effect have been found in some places; but there is no tangible shape for the rumour. It has, however, had the effect of alarming some of the insurance offices. No alteration of rates has yet been made; but in certain cases the insurance agents have been instructed to inquire of their customers as to their use or otherwise of reapers, which tend to lessen the demand for labour.

FRIGHTFUL COLLIERY ACCIDENT.—On Monday night about thirty-six men went down the Eppleton Jane pit, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, for the purpose of going to work, and to reach their work they had to travel three miles from the shaft underground. They got into a train of empty waggon to run down the incline to the face of the working, and they were started. Unfortunately, owing to the guides of the break having sustained an injury, the waggon ran away. Some of the men leaped out and some were pitched out by the waggon getting off the ways, and one of them (Thomas Lewins) was killed, while several others had their legs broken, their collarbones broken, or were otherwise seriously injured. The whole of the men appear to have been more or less hurt.

A GHOST AT MOSELEY.—A ghost has lately been taking his walks abroad in the neighbourhood of Moseley—at least, so the inhabitants say. A fortnight ago an hysterical nursemaid met him, and was, to use her own phrase, "frightened to death." That she slightly exaggerated the extent of the fright is very probable, more especially as she lived to tell the tale, and did not appear in any way out of sorts afterwards. She says that the ghost is unnaturally tall, that he wears a white sheet and a white hat, that he has a countenance of flame, that he carries a large dagger in one hand and a flaming bowl in the other, and that he can fly over fences like a bird. Since this young person saw the ghost many other people have had the honour (it cannot be described as a pleasure) of making his acquaintance. Unfortunately no two of them agree in their statements as to what he is like, but this may be explained by the fact of his having some of the qualities of Proteus, and being able to change his form, to the greater confusion of the unwary. During last week efforts have been made to catch the ghost, though hitherto they have been made in vain. Several gentlemen in the neighbourhood have offered rewards for his apprehension, and this has stimulated the natural curiosity of all the young men living in the neighbourhood. Nightly they assemble with great-coats, big sticks, pocket pistols, and short pipes, waiting for the ghost "to revisit the glimpses of the moon and make night hideous." They have seen him often, but not one of them can fly over a fence like he can. One night a watcher discharged a

loaded gun at him, but did not even succeed in wounding the enemy. In fact, according to the latest advices, the ghost still walks at Moseley, and the people are sore afraid.

CONFLAGRATION ON KELLING-HEATH.—Kelling-heath, near Holt, which was lately purchased by Mr. John Ketton, of Felbrigg, was set on fire for the purpose of more rapidly and effectively clearing the surface for breaking up. The effect of the dryness of the season, however, had probably not been calculated upon to its extent. The heath continued burning day and night, and spread to such an extent that it could scarcely be said to be under control. Lord Orford has a plantation of about one hundred acres on one part, and also Mr. Mott another plantation in another part. There was great danger of the fire spreading so as to catch Lord Orford's wood, and persons were set to work to stay the progress of the flames; but their efforts were in vain, for it caught, and at one time about twenty acres of wood were on fire, together with the heath; it reached Mr. Mott's plantation, and burnt the fence, but only slightly entered it. The grandeur of the spectacle may be imagined, and it occasioned not a little excitement in the surrounding district, as it could be seen for many miles, and a large number of persons came to the spot from a distance, supposing it to be some large agricultural fire. A large number of men was employed in endeavouring to stop the conflagration, which was at length effected by clearing away a space, setting fire to the line, and making fire meet fire—the Indian custom on the prairies. Fortunately, the wind was in an opposite direction. Had the wind blown towards the woods it is impossible to say to what extent, from the nature of the surrounding country (heath, wood, furze, &c.), the fire might not have reached. About twenty acres of Lord Orford's plantation are so burnt that the trees (Scotch firs) will die.

A SERIES OF EXTENSIVE FRAUDS has been discovered in the provincial Bankruptcy Courts. In April last the Lord Chancellor requested the Commissioner at Leeds and a London accountant to examine the books of the Leeds office, and many errors were detected. The inquiry was then extended to Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool; and the result has been the discovery of sums "improperly retained" by official assignees and messengers to the amount of £14,000.

THE COLLIERIES' STRIKE IN STAFFORDSHIRE has again been revived, and with more bitterness than ever. Disturbances have taken place, and the civic authorities have had to invoke the aid of the military in order to repress the disorderly tendencies of the men on strike, the police being found inadequate to the duty. No actual collision has yet occurred between the people and the soldiers, but much intimidation is exercised towards the men who have gone in to work.

GENERAL SHERIDAN.

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN, Major-General in the Federal army, whose name has lately been so prominent in connection with the operations in the Shenandoah Valley, where he claims to have gained most important victories over General Early—the value and completeness of said victories, however, being open to some doubt—is a native of Perry County, Ohio, where he was born, in 1831. A New York paper gives the following sketch of General Sheridan's career:—

He graduated at the West Point Military Academy in July, 1853, and at that time entered the army as a brevet Second Lieutenant of the 1st United States Infantry. During the years 1853, 54, and 55 he served in the Indian campaigns in Texas; and in July of the last-mentioned year, after serving a few months in command of one of the forts in New York harbour, he was ordered to California. Engaged for a while in the Government railroad surveys on the Pacific coast, he was detached from that service to take part in the campaign against the Indians, in Oregon Territory. In the severe campaign under Major Rains he greatly distinguished himself, and was highly praised by his commander for gallant and meritorious conduct in the fight at the Cascades of Columbia, April 28, 1856.

For the part he took in the settlement of the Indian troubles in Oregon Sheridan was very warmly eulogised by General Scott, then General-in-Chief of the army. Just after the breaking out of the rebellion he was made Captain in the 13th Infantry, and served for several months in St. Louis as president of a military commission convened at that place. In December, 1861, he was made Quartermaster of the Army of the South-west, then operating in Southern Missouri, and afterwards in Arkansas under General Samuel R. Curtis. He remained with that army until after the great battle of Pea Ridge, in the spring of 1862, when he was appointed Chief Quartermaster on the staff of General Halleck, then in command of the army before Corinth.

In May, 1862, he was offered and accepted the command of the 2nd Michigan Cavalry, and from this time he was in his proper element, and his great merits as a soldier in active field service were rapidly developed. Three days after he assumed command (May 30) he fought and defeated a considerable body of rebel cavalry near Corinth. In eleven days after this he was intrusted with the command of a brigade of cavalry; and on the 1st of July he vindicated the choice of his commander by fighting and defeating a rebel cavalry force of nine regiments under the notorious Chalmers. This action was so brilliant that it won for him the star of a Brigadier. Thus in a few months he won his way, by sheer force of active and meritorious service, from the rank of Major to that of general officer. In September of the same year he was given the command of the third division of the army of the Ohio, then operating under Buell in Kentucky. He fought his brigade with distinguished gallantry and success in the severe battle of Perryville in October of that year; and again, with still greater distinction, under General Rosecranz in the victorious Murfreesboro' campaign in December, 1862, and January, 1863. His services at this time were of such distinguished merit that he was made a Major-General, to date from Dec. 31, 1862. From that time his career in the Tullahoma, Chattanooga, and Chickamauga campaigns of General Rosecranz, in the Chattanooga and Mission Ridge campaign with General Grant, and in the great campaign of the army of the Potomac commencing in May, 1864, all the time as a most accomplished and successful General of a corps of cavalry, is still so fresh in the memory of the people as to render more particular mention unnecessary.

His dashy expedition to the rear of the rebel lines near the Wilderness, in May last; his destructive foray on the Virginia Central Railroad, in June; and his almost ubiquitous operations against the enemy, with the splendid cavalry he had imbued with his own soldierly spirit, made him the terror of Lee's army in the early months of the campaign.

In all his various employments, whether as a subaltern in an Indian campaign, in the difficult executive duties of the Quartermaster's office, as the Colonel of a cavalry regiment, as the General of an infantry division, as the General of a cavalry corps, or in the higher and more responsible position of commanding General of an independent army in the field, Philip Henry Sheridan, now Major-General and Brigadier in the regular army, has shown himself a most thorough and accomplished soldier.

So far General Sheridan's eulogists; but we doubt whether some of his deeds in the Shenandoah will receive the same degree of commendation from impartial observers that they have done from his own countrymen. It is at all times invidious to draw comparisons, but it must be confessed that, since the commencement of this most unfortunate war, the Confederates have pre-eminently distinguished themselves by the scrupulous regard they have shown for all those usages which civilised nations have, with common consent, prescribed for the observance of belligerents. On the other hand, many of the Federal Generals have ostentatiously evinced a contempt for the code of modern warfare, and have on but too many occasions committed acts for which it would be necessary to search the records of past ages to discover parallels in atrocity. The Federal Government made themselves responsible for the acts of Blenker, Butler, McNeill, and others by neglecting to evince their abhorrence of their acts by at least dismissing them from a service which, in every country in the world, is regarded as one of honour. This neglect on their part to mark their reprobation of deeds which they must have felt deserved condemnation has produced the results which might have been anticipated. When brutality is accepted as zeal, and generals are hailed as heroes who ought to be drummed out of the service with every mark of infamy and disgrace, candidates will not be wanting for new honours. We are now told that Sheridan, having been checked in what he hoped would have been a victorious march throughout the entire length of the Shenandoah Valley, has been compelled to return to Strasburg. He has, however, compensated himself for his disappointment by devastating the entire country through which he has passed. Nor is this all. In retaliation for the death of an engineer officer, who was killed by some Confederates acting as guerrillas, he has actually burned every house within an area of five miles. It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers that these atrocities were committed in a region through which the Confederates had previously retired, and which by them had been left uninjured. Nor is it necessary either to contrast with this conduct of the Federal General that of the Confederate Generals when in Maryland and Pennsylvania, or to show how unprovoked have been the outrages now committed, or how devoid of all excuse has been the terrible crime (for by no other name can it be known) by which General Sheridan hopes to secure

the gratitude of his countrymen. It is true that Sheridan, in devastating the beautiful and fertile valley of the Shenandoah, is stated to have acted on the orders of his superior officer, General Grant; but that only shifts the responsibility one degree from his shoulders, and does not in any way relieve him from the odium of carrying out a cruel and wantonly-savage order in a cruel and wantonly-savage manner. The following is the order alleged to have been given by Grant to Sheridan when it was found that the attempt to reach Lynchburg, and so inclose Richmond on the west, had failed, and thus a retrograde movement was necessary:—"Do all the damage you can to the railroad and crops. Carry off all stock of all descriptions, and negroes, so as to prevent further planting. If the war is to continue another year, let the Shenandoah Valley remain a barren waste." That General Sheridan in no way tried to soften the hard purpose of this mandate by his manner of executing it, is evident from the boastful terms in which his backward progress from Brown's Gap, where he was checked by Early, to Strasburg, where he is now intrenched, is recorded in the Northern newspapers. It is asserted that in one day alone as much corn and other provisions were destroyed as would have fed the whole Confederate army for a month, and that if, in future, a crow flies across the valley it will have to carry its rations along with it, for not a particle of sustenance has been left. This may be exaggeration, but it shows the completeness with which the work of destruction has been performed, and the spirit that animates the Northern troops, press, and people.

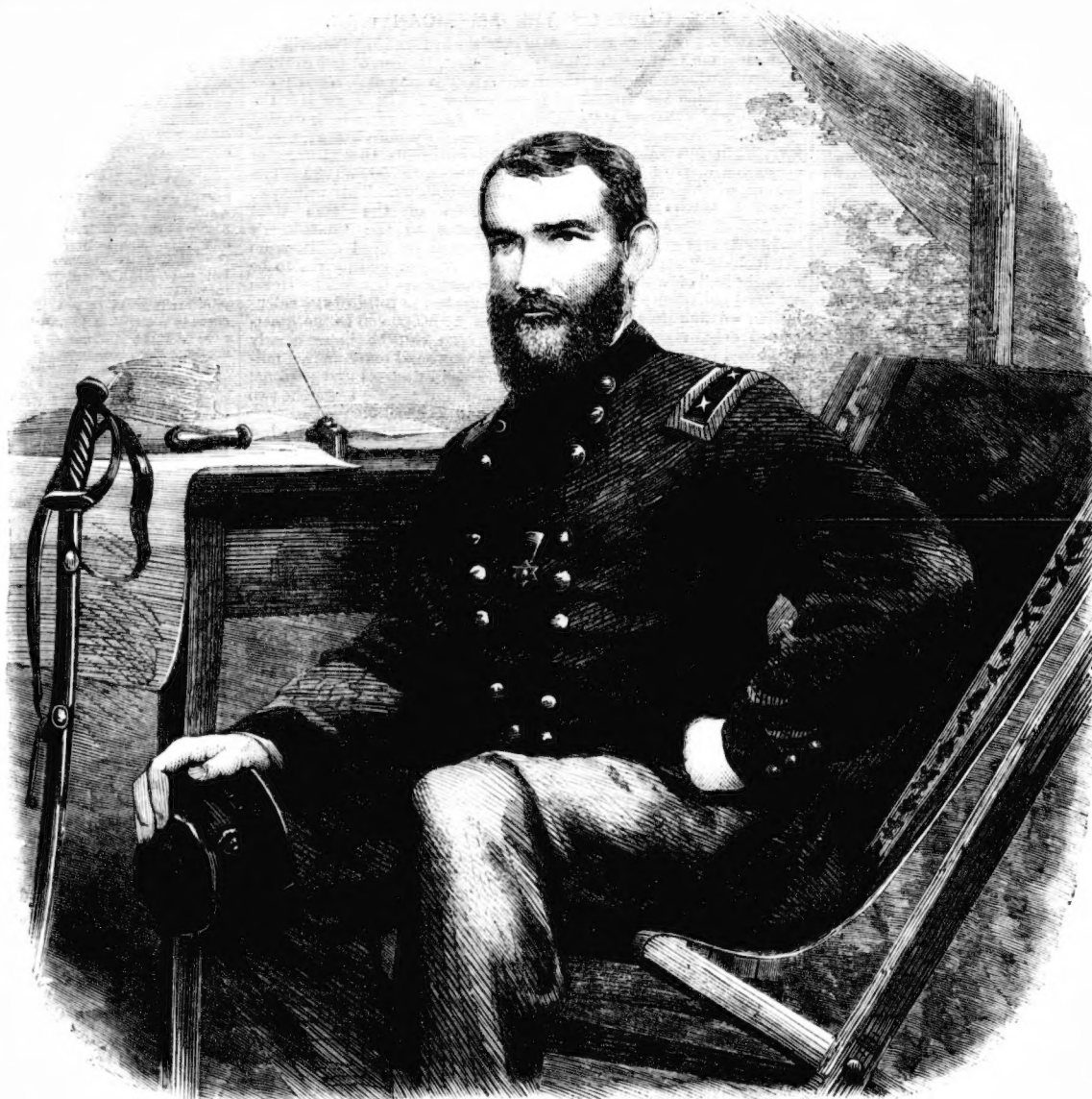
NEGRO RECRUITS IN GENERAL GRANT'S ARMY.

In the early days of the American war there appeared two caricatures—one in the pages of a New York illustrated newspaper, the other in our own principal comic (so-called) publication; and both of them represented the nigger looking on with supreme indifference as a sort of arbitrator between fighting representatives of the Southern and the Northern States. Indeed, when the Abolition element was first smuggled into the war, and freedom from slavery superseded the original battle-cry of the North, it did seem that a righteous cause was discovered, although all the world knew that it was

not for the sake of the negro that the Yankees took up arms. To those who remembered, however, what was the condition of the free "nigger" in New York—how he was spurned and insulted as a black "cuss" in Northern cities, was forbidden to ride in public conveyances occupied by white people, was liable at any moment to be bullied and maltreated unless he became subject to the worst and most galling kind of bondage with

very much worse position, and morally with little difference in degradation except the substitution of the name by which his condition is distinguished. It is for these reasons, amongst others, that the draught of negro soldiers continues for General Grant's army before Petersburg, and that the scene which forms the subject of our Engraving may be witnessed in so many of the enlistment offices, where a large bounty is offered for able-bodied coloured men.

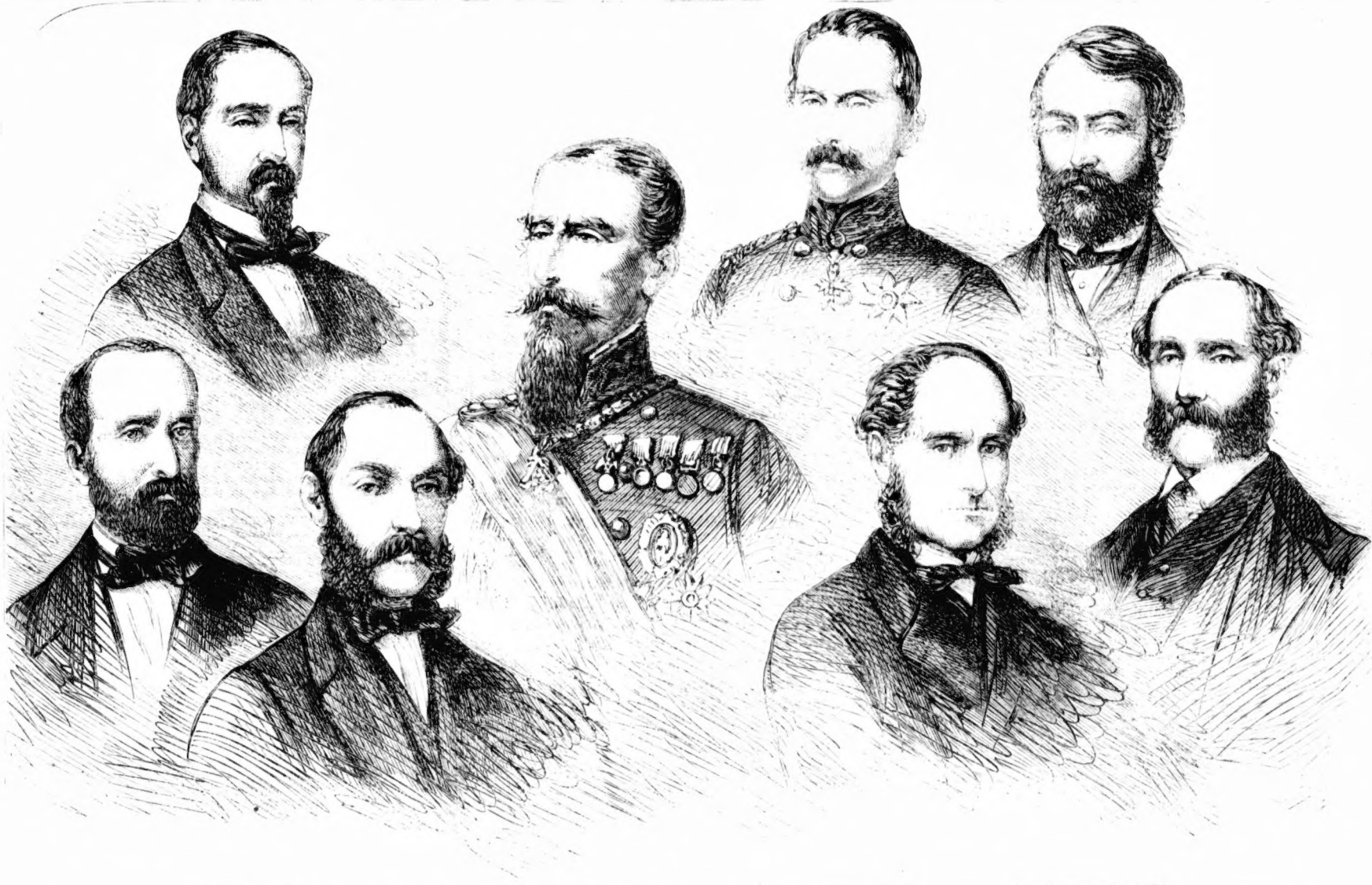
the empty name of freedom, and was generally hated and despised by those who regarded him as an interloper on the earth, and only tolerated even by his rampant theoretic admirers; people who remembered this, and believed, as well they might, that even Southern slavery was, in general, a condition immeasurably preferable, began to doubt whether emancipation according to the Lincoln edict would prove a solid blessing to the poor shiftless coloured folk who were trooped out of Southern plantations and left to get as best they might to some city whose inhabitants looked at them as the chattels belonging to somebody else, and therefore with very little claim on non-slaveholding sympathy. One result, indeed, might have been anticipated, although we should be sorry to believe that it was really foreseen. The "irrepressible nigger," in want, and not knowing where to look for the meal with which he had hitherto been supplied, without any forecast of his own, became a valuable adjunct to the Northern army, sorely in want of fighting men; and, as his sinewy arms could bear a musket to the front, he was eagerly enlisted, and sent to bear the first horrid brunt in several hot engagements. Indeed, for a time, the negro made food for powder almost as reliable as the German and the Irish immigrant; and it was believed that, could he be persuaded that he was fighting for freedom, his resistance to his former masters would be all the more deadly. In this way the caricatures which professed to represent his condition have both been falsified, and the black soldier of the North, like the black slave of the worst Southern owners, has been regarded as a convenient substitute, whose "improvement off the face of the earth" was a matter of exceedingly small importance. By the very circumstances in which he is placed, however, the negro who has been "delivered" from slavery



MAJOR-GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN, COMMANDING THE FEDERAL TROOPS IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.



ENROLMENT OF NEGRO RECRUITS FOR GENERAL GRANT'S ARMY BEFORE PETERSBURG.



GIUSEPPE NATOLI.
SIGNOR GIOVANNI LANZA.

SIGNOR STEFANO JACINI.

GENERAL DELLA MARMORA.

GENERAL PETITTI.
SIGNOR GIUSEPPE VACCA.

SIGNOR QUINTINO SELLA.
SIGNOR LUIGI TOVELLI.

THE NEW ITALIAN MINISTRY.

THE NEW ITALIAN MINISTRY.

THE members who compose the new Italian Cabinet are partly men who are already well known and partly men who are little known or not known at all. Four of them, La Marmora, Pettiti, Lanza, and Quintino Sella, are Piedmontese; and one of them, Quintino Sella, has a European reputation in science. In addition to these four Piedmontese—who are men of the highest character, and who have already served their country as Ministers—there are two Lombards, one Neapolitan, and one Sicilian—all of them men worthy of their present elevation. In fact, this new Cabinet has every chance of a permanent existence. We will now proceed to give brief notices of the several members of it.

General Alfonso Ferrero, Marquis Della Marmora, President of the Council, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and provisionally Minister of Marine, was born on the 17th of November, 1804, at Turin. An introductory career of severe study and travelled experience brings his life up to 1846, after which we find him in nearly every battle that is fought—faithful to his King and country; liberal, but not revolutionary. He took a prominent part in the affair of the unhappy 5th of August, 1848, at Milan, and also in leading Genoa back to reason after the battle of Novara.

Giovanni Lanza, Minister of the Interior, is fifty years of age, and belongs to the medical profession. He also is a Liberal, and a man of great firmness and self-denial. He was one of the number of those who, in 1848, started the *Opinione* newspaper. He has

previously held other offices in the Government, and among them that of Minister of Finance.

Quintino Sella, the present Minister of Finance, is well known as a naturalist and geologist. His speciality as a man of science may, perhaps, be said to be mineralogy. He also has been a member of previous Governments in various capacities, and among them that of the Exchequer in the Rattazzi Cabinet. He is yet young, a great linguist, a highly-travelled man, and a very good speaker.

General Count Agostino Pettiti Bagliani di Roreto was born at Turin on the 13th of December, 1814. He has had much military experience, and took part in the Crimean War, where he was prominent in the attack on the Mamelon Vert. In the Rattazzi Cabinet he was Minister of War, and it is to him principally that the



THE BELGIAN REGIMENT OF THE IMPERIAL MEXICAN GUARD.

fusion of the army of the south with the national army is due. Ultimately he became commander of the military division of Milan, a post in which he conciliated the sympathies of the Lombard population.

Stefano Jacini, Minister of Public Works, was born at Casalbuttano (province of Cremona), in 1827. His father was a man of great wealth. He was educated at Hoffwyl, under the auspices of Tellemberg, and has since travelled extensively, not only in Europe but in the East. He is well known as an author on economical and social questions, and, having attracted the attention of Cavour, he was by him made Minister of Public Works in 1860.

Luigi Torelli has been called from the prefecture of Pisa, in order to assume the office of Minister of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce. He has already been Minister of Public Works, and is a gentleman of great economical and general ability, but is an unprepossessing orator.

Giuseppe Vacca, Minister of Grace and Justice, was born at Naples, in 1809. He has led a checkered life, and has once or twice, in the course of rapid political changes, had to endure short imprisonments or banishments. In the last constitutional crisis of Francis II., that monarch recalled him in hot haste to offer him the post of Minister of Justice, but he refused to return, not having any confidence in the Government. But he accepted office under Garibaldi as Procurator-General.

Of Giuseppe Natoli (Minister of Public Instruction) we know very little. He had a share in the unfortunate episode of Brescia; but, for the rest, the only reason why a portfolio, which everybody believed was destined for Matteucci, is given to him, is so far as we can see, the bare fact that he is a Sicilian—a geographical but not a logical reason! He has the tact to surround himself with men who know more than he does; and he made a wise choice in taking Nicomede Bianchi (every way a competent man) for his general secretary. Natoli himself is, we repeat, but little known; but Bianchi, on the other hand, is favourably known in the world of letters, the world of education, and the world of politics.

We sincerely trust that the belief we have expressed that this Cabinet may have a long term of life may be realised, and that it may justify our hopes of it by proving a useful and glorious one.

BELGIAN REGIMENT OF THE MEXICAN IMPERIAL GUARD

THE recall of the French troops from Mexico, which is said to be imminent, has been the cause of considerable activity in various quarters for the formation of corps to augment the regular Imperial army; and such favour does this service find that already numbers of volunteers who have occupied very respectable stations have consented to expatriate themselves for the sake of the glory of foreign enterprise. One of the most important regiments is that of the Imperial Guard, which calls itself by the name of the Empress Charlotte, and was organised at Audenard, a little town in the eastern province of Flanders, celebrated for its Townhall, and for little else. The regiment is composed of two battalions of six companies, one of grenadiers and the other of voltigeurs. The basis of each of these companies is an effective force of 150 men of the infantry corps of the Belgian army when upon the war footing; one captain, one lieutenant, two sub-lieutenants, a sergeant-major, five sergeants, a quartermaster, eight corporals, two trumpeters, and two drummers. Both grenadiers and voltigeurs have drummers and trumpeters, the latter sounding the calls for the tirailleurs. Each battalion and each regiment are thoroughly officered and provided, and the whole corps "Imperatrice Charlotte" is commanded by Baron Alfred Van der Smissen, a Major in the Belgian army. This officer, the son of a general who served under the first Empire, has already been distinguished as aide-de-camp to the Minister of War, and was called to his present honourable post by the Emperor Maximilian himself. The Baron Van der Smissen is well known to the French army, for in 1851 he volunteered to serve, by virtue of a Royal authorisation, in the campaign of the Kabyle, where he was attached to the staff of General St. Arnaud, and received the cross of the Legion of Honour, being mentioned in an order of the day for brave conduct in the attack under Colonel Menazel, in which brilliant charge he killed two Arabs. The Baron is also a Chevalier of the Order of Leopold.

The formation of the corps has been intrusted to a retired Lieutenant-General—M. Chapelle, who was for twenty years governor of the military school at Brussels. The men who form the corps have come both from among civilians and out of the regular army, where many non-commissioned officers have abandoned their rank to take service in so favoured a regiment. Many of them are fine fellows, and, as they are well equipped and provided with able instructors, they will quickly become thoroughly effective. The arms are an Enfield rifle and sabre bayonet, and directly they were provided with these the "Regiment Imperatrice Charlotte" set out for Mexico by the St. Nazaire steam-vessel in three detachments, each completely organised.

Our Engraving represents the uniforms of the troops in full regimentals and undress. The officers' undress consists of a sort of tunic, with black "brandenbourgs" and knots, but without any other kind of ornament or braiding, and with no coloured facings. The belt is of black leather. In service they carry a cartridge-box and bandolier, a six-shooter, and boots drawn over their trousers. The caps of the inferior officers and privates, whether laced or tasselled, as well as the braiding of tunic and trousers, is red for the grenadiers, green for the voltigeurs, white for the musicians; and the officers wear silk lace and gold tassels when in grand tenue, on which occasion officers and men wear a plume of black cocks' feathers, while those of the band are white. The tents and all the field equipments are constructed on the pattern of those now in use in the French army.

FIVE HUNDRED TONS OF SHELLS AND CANNON-BALLS have been taken out of the water in the port of Fredericia, and a considerable quantity yet remains; but, owing to the depth of water, they will be left undisturbed.

BUSINESS AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—The amount of stock transferred at the Bank of England in a year is larger than may suppose. A return just issued shows that, in 1860, it reached £196,282,526; in 1861, £268,900,776; in 1862, £228,453,050; yet the number of holders of stock varies but slightly; in 1861 it was 261,367; in 1862, 264,695; and in 1863, 264,611. The number of persons entitled to large dividends has increased. In 1861 there were 529 persons entitled to dividends of £2000 a year and upwards; in 1862 they were 569; and 1863, 585. At the humble end of the list are 92,190 persons whose year's dividends did not exceed £10 in 1861; 92,262 in 1862, but only 91,870 in 1863.

THE PROPOSED BRITISH AMERICAN CONFEDERATION.—The *New York Times*, discussing this subject, says:—"It is not a matter of minor interest to call to mind what this great section of British America is to-day in its industrial aspect. It holds a community of 3,800,000 souls, of whom 700,000 are males between the ages of twenty and sixty—more than 500,000 being of the ordinary military age. At its present rate of improvement, in five years it will outnumber in population Belgium and Bavaria, and in ten years Sweden and Norway. Of its lands, over 45,000,000 acres are in private hands, and over 13,000,000 acres are cultivated. Four years ago the annual products of its fields and gardens were valued at 150,000,000 dols.; and the assessed value of its farms was 550,000,000 dols. Eastern British America, as a maritime State, already holds high rank. Its sailors and fishermen number to-day over 70,000. In 1863 it built 628 vessels of an aggregate tonnage of 230,312 tons. It exported 1,000,000 dols. worth of timber, and 10,000,000 dols. worth of fish; and its total exports are over 65,000,000 dols. annually. Such is the community to which, in its political organisations, it is proposed to apply the federal system of government under new conditions. The experiment must be watched with interest. That its logical result ultimately is separation from the parent State every one must see; and yet nine tenths of those whose votes will finally settle the question cherish an indistinct notion that a Confederation on the plan proposed is not incompatible with a colonial relationship. The delusion is one which a few years' practical experience will effectually uproot. English statesmen see the matter in a more common-sense light. And it is this question of ultimately cutting loose from the monarchical system that will be found to be the great source of sectional division and strife. The purest Monarchists in this hemisphere to-day are the descendants of the French noblesse of Lower Canada. All their traditions go back beyond the Imperial and revolutionary era. The edicts of the Kings of France are their law, the customs of the monarchical era are still their rule; and from these it will be an almost hopeless task to undertake to wean them by any specious promises of independence."

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1864.

THE PEACE WITH THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

THE intelligence that the insurgent Maoris have succumbed unconditionally to the power of Great Britain, will scarcely be received among us with greater pleasure than the accompanying information that Sir George Grey, our Colonial Governor there, has encountered their submission with clemency. Sir George has been wise enough to give a cogent reason for the exercise of mercy; and this reason is, that the New Zealand chieftains have behaved humanely towards the prisoners and wounded of their invaders. For as invaders our British settlers and our soldiers must certainly be considered. We will allow full force to the argument that a thinly-populated uncivilised country must be liable to attack from over-crowded civilised populations. But the violent dispossession of a single inhabitant of a large domain is just as much an invasion as the driving out by superior force of the population of a city.

There has been something strangely excitative of English sympathy in the way in which these Maoris have conducted their part in the contest just ended. They have been brave and chivalrous foes, and have exhibited, under the most trying circumstances, traits distinguishing them as a superior race. Their plain, straightforward, simple talk, when they had the opportunity of making it known, went straight to English hearts. It was not diplomatic, not rhodomontade, not stupid or evasive, but plain, pure, and direct.

Perhaps there are few intelligent Englishmen, who have studied the history of this conflict, who have not more than once been reminded, as a parallel, of the Roman invasion of our own shores. The points of resemblance might well strengthen our sympathies for the aborigines of New Zealand. Their islands, in size, figure, longitude, and, with a few degrees' variation, in latitude, furnish a striking counterpart to our own, at the other side of the world. To the Roman invasion we owe inestimable benefits, and yet, while Roman names which would have furnished (had they yet existed among us) incontestable proofs of domination, are scarce among us, while the language of the invaders is now only learned with a barbarous mispronunciation by our scholars, the ancient British language has only recently died away in remote Cornwall.

The most sorrowful aspect of this matter is suggested by our great contemporary the *Times*. It is there alleged that the excuse for our sending troops to quell the Maori insurrection is to be found in the fact that, had the colonists themselves been allowed to conduct the war, it would have been one of cruelty and extermination. The employment of our troops rendered the conflict short, sharp, and decisive. But henceforth such matters are to be left to the settlers; and it is to be anticipated, according to the practice commonly applied to such cases, that the aborigines will gradually become extinguished by the advance of the immigrant and his progeny.

We hope this may not be true. We have learned to respect the Maoris, as certainly the Romans respected the Britons, for courage and manly uprightness. To declare peace with them simply to withdraw our soldiers and leave them, conquered, to the tender mercies of the colonists who were unable, in the first instance, to resist them, appears to us a simple act of mean treachery. Having declared peace, upon certain terms, dictated by ourselves, it might well be maintained that we are as much bound in national honour to protect the natives against the aggressions of the settlers as to enforce the stipulations upon which war has for the present been terminated. The Maori campaign has been called an insurrection; its leaders have submitted to the power of Queen Victoria; and all who submit to her power are entitled to her protection. No principle can be clearer than this; and it is upon the faith of it that the New Zealanders have submitted. Henceforth a New Zealand savage is a British subject, and is no more to be pillaged of his property, or shot down for sport in a wood, by a white man, than the most respectable stockbroker in the city of London.

It is a piteous thing that precepts so obvious as these should have to be recorded in any organ of public opinion. We should have hoped their explication unnecessary, but the article in the *Times* is a sad proof to the contrary.

THE HERBERT INGRAM LIFE-BOAT.—A new life-boat, provided for the coast of Lincolnshire, named the Herbert Ingram, in remembrance of the late lamented M.P. for Boston, was received in that town on Monday last with great rejoicing. The boat has been provided by the National Institution, and is the fruit of a subscription begun, shortly after Mr. Ingram's death on Lake Michigan, by Mr. Pense, M.P. for South Durham, and followed up by numerous friends of the late member for Boston, including Mrs. Ingram and her children, each of whom have contributed handsomely towards its complete equipment. The boat is to be stationed at Skegness, and the ceremony of naming it appropriately took place in front of Mr. Ingram's statue at Boston, in presence of the Vicar, and several clergymen and other gentlemen of the district.

NEWSPAPERS FOR RUSSIA.—The Postmaster-General has issued an order in which he states that, several instances having lately occurred in which newspapers sent from this country to Russia have been returned in consequence of the regulations of the Russian Post Office with regard to the transmission of newspapers not having been complied with, the public are again informed that it is forbidden to introduce into Russia, through the post, political newspapers, and that the only means by which persons residing in Russia can obtain such newspapers from the United Kingdom is by subscribing for them at one of the Russian post-offices. The admission into Russia of newspapers not of a political character is only permitted in those cases where they are addressed to the house of some established bookseller.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES is expected at Darmstadt on the 1st of November. THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL having completed her seventeenth year last week, there was a grand reception at Lisbon on the occasion, and the city was brilliantly illuminated.

PRINCE HUMBERT OF ITALY, it is suggested, should marry an Austrian Princess, receive Venetia as her dowry, and thus settle one part of the Italian difficulty in a satisfactory manner.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, shortly after their return from the Continent, will pay a visit to the Earl of Derby at Knowsley.

LORD PALMERSTON celebrated his eightieth birthday on Wednesday, the 19th inst.

MR. KENNETH MACLEAY, R.S.A., is at present at Balmoral, by command of the Queen, painting the portraits of their Royal Highnesses Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold for her Majesty.

PRINCE DE JOINVILLE, the Duke d'Aumale, and the Prince de Condé have just arrived at Venice from Constantinople, in which city are also the Duke de Montpensier and the Count de Paris.

THE BRITISH-AMERICAN CONFERENCE, assembled at Quebec, have resolved upon the confederation of all the provinces.

THE INSURGENTS OF SAN DOMINGO, it is said, have tendered to the Spanish military authorities serious proposals for peace.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT-GALLERY, 29, Great George-street, Westminster, will be closed from Nov. 7 to Nov. 30.

MESSRS. COULTS AND CO. have received £500 for the National Life-boat Institution from a friend, by the hands of L. H. II.

AN OYSTER SHOW has been held at the Gardens of the Acclimatisation Society of Paris.

M. VICTOR HUGO is about to publish a new volume of lyrics, "Chansons des Rues et des Bois."

GENERAL MOSQUERA is on his way to England as Minister of the United States of Colombia to the Court of St. James.

PRIVATE LITTLE, of the Royal Marines, was shot dead at Gravesend, a few days ago, while marking at the rifle-butta.

MADME. ERLANGER, née SLIDELL, has announced her intention of getting up a bazaar in Paris for the benefit of the wounded Confederates. The prettiest young Southern ladies now in the French capital have been asked to preside at the stalls.

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW is fixed to take place at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Monday, the 5th of December next, and four following days.

MR. RICHARD BREMERIDGE, M.P. for Barnstable, has intimated that he intends retiring from the representation of that borough at the next election.

THE BAZAAR AT LIVERPOOL for the relief of Southern prisoners has realised about £11,000, besides about £9000 received in subscriptions.

THE HON. WILLIAM GEORGE HOWARD, son of the Hon. and Rev. Francis Howard, and heir to the title and estates of the Earl of Wicklow, died in a low, disreputable house in Dublin a few days ago. He was a confirmed drunkard and debauchee.

THE DIET OF THE LITTLE DUCHY OF LAUENBURG have passed a resolution in favour of annexation to Prussia.

THE INHABITANTS OF CLIFTON are taking measures to procure a public opening of the Clifton Suspension Bridge on its completion, next month.

THE VINTAGE IN SPAIN THIS YEAR, like those of France and Germany, is unusually fine, and the wine is expected to be equal to that of 1858.

A WIDOW NAMED FENARD, the oldest inhabitant of Cherbourg, has just died in that town at the age of one hundred.

MR. GREENOUGH, the well-known American sculptor, has just sent from his atelier to London a bust of the distinguished actress Miss Helen Faucit, which, as a work of art, has received the highest commendation from the amateurs of Paris.

MR. GATHORNE HARDY, of Hemsted Park, Kent, who was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, will, it is asserted, be brought forward as a candidate for the representation of the University, in opposition to Mr. Gladstone, whenever an election may take place.

THE FRENCH MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, M. Duruy, has kindly intimated to the poet Jamin's widow that his pension will be still continued to her.

EXTENSIVE FRAUDS, involving the embezzlement of a vast amount of stores and money, have been discovered in the Bengal Commissariat Department.

A STRATUM OF EXCELLENT COAL, 3 ft. thick, is reported to have been discovered in Marlborough Province, New Zealand.

THE OFFICERS OF ENGINEERS in the garrison of Antwerp, last week, gave a grand dinner to General Todleben, the defender of Sebastopol. Sixty persons were present, among whom were Generals Weller, Soudain, Dupont, &c., and several Russian officers.

AN IRISH PAPER, in noticing the death of the Duke of Newcastle, states that his Grace was born in 1785, and was, consequently, seventy-nine years of age. The editor, of course, confounded the late Duke with his father, of "do what I like with my own" notoriety. Books of reference must surely be scarce in Ireland.

ROBERTS, of Manchester, has been beating all the Melbourne (Australia) billiard-players with ease. In one match Roberts made a break of 186, 174 of which were secured by his famous "spot stroke," the red ball having been pocketed fifty-eight times in succession.

WILLIAM WEBB, a boy who was sentenced by a provincial magistrate to six months' imprisonment for stealing six walnuts from a tree, has had the sentence reduced, by advice of Sir George Grey, to one month's imprisonment.

A SOLDIER has committed suicide at the Colchester Camp by shooting himself. He had been in a desponding state for some time past, and there seemed to be reason for believing that his brain had been affected by a sun stroke in India.

GARBALDI, it is asserted, has expressed his disapprobation of the Franco-Italian Convention, his sorrow for the "massacre" of the people in the late disturbances at Turin, and his regret that Italy is so badly and so shamefully governed as she is at present. Such, at least, are the sentiments attributed to the General, who, however, adds that there is not at present any occasion for his leaving Caprea.

IN THE CHURCH AT BRANKSEA ISLAND, when the latter was owned by Colonel Waugh, there was a pew fitted up for the Colonel's family. It was as large as a drawing-room, and was magnificently furnished. It had a fireplace, and also windows and blinds to secure the inmates from the gaze of worshippers in other parts of the church.

MONSIGNOR FRATTINI, whose claim to notoriety rested on his exercising for a long series of years the functions of "Avvocato del Diavolo" in all cases of canonisation, through each successive stage of that process, according to the brief duly held to be supplied by his cloven-footed client, died a few days ago; so that his Satanic Majesty has now no advocate, though he may have many disciples, in Rome.

AMONG THE LOTS catalogued at a sale of English books which lately took place in Calcutta were the following:—"Mill on Jurisprudence," "Ditto on the Floss!" The intelligent auctioneer had coupled "Mill on Jurisprudence" with Miss Evan's well-known novel "The Mill on the Floss!"

PRUSSIA, having resolved to perpetuate the memory of her achievements in Denmark, has instituted a new military order, called the "Cross of Düppel." A Parisian wag suggests the following as a motto for the insignia of the order:—"An lieu de larron sur la croix nous voyons aujourd'hui la croix sur le larron"—"instead of the thief on the cross, behold the cross on the thief!"

A YOUNG FELLOW was killed in a prize fight, at Sheffield, last Sunday morning. A number of blackguards left the town early in the morning to settle their differences in a pugilistic way. One couple fought an hour; another couple then stepped forward, and in the sixth round one of them fell dead on the ground.

A POOR GIRL, between thirteen and fourteen years of age, was shot dead a few days ago at a village near Preston. It was an accident of a common character, and against which no kind of warning seems to be of use. There was a loaded gun taken up by a young man, who was ignorant that it was loaded; an explosion and an instantaneous death followed.

A GENTLEMAN was travelling in a second-class carriage on the East India Railway, when he was attacked by a fellow-passenger, robbed, beaten, and thrown out of the window. He contrived to lay hold of the footstep of the carriage, and, by clinging to the buffer, held on till the train reached the station. The robber was captured.

ANOTHER CASE OF STARVATION is reported from Bethnal-green. A woman named Jameson worked as a shoebinder, but could not earn money enough to find her in sufficient food. Bit by bit she parted with her clothes, and at last lay down and died. She had been urged to go into the work-house, but had refused.

A DRUNKEN WOMAN, residing at Fleetwood with her husband, a fisherman, being out of funds with which to purchase drink, wrote to her friends in Liverpool to say that her husband was dead, and invited them to the wake. They went well provided with food and liquors, and on arriving there immediately found that they were hoaxed; but consoled themselves by having a good carouse.

THE DISTRESS in the manufacturing districts continues on the increase; and a notice has been issued from the Public Works Office calling upon the local authorities in the distressed districts to proceed with the public works in such a way as to give employment to the largest number of indigent factory operatives, and to withhold for the present, if needful, such works as are most productive of wages.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

"DISSOLUTION next month?" said I to an ardent Conservative friend, who had just asserted that he had learned, on unquestionable authority, that this was to be; "Pray, where did you pick up that canard?" "You will find it no canard, but fact," he answered. "On the 10th of November, or thereabouts, Parliament will be dissolved." "But who told you? And how is it that such an important piece of news is not known at the Reform and Brooks's, and other places where whips and Liberals most do congregate?" It is strange that the Conservatives should have got the news before the Government men." "Well, how that is I know not; but this much is certain. The Conservative agent has sent out a circular to inform every man of the party that Parliament will be dissolved next month." "Have you seen the circular?" "I have." Now, this seemed to be a poser; but still, I could not help thinking that there must be some blunder. Without good authority the Conservative agent would hardly sound such a note of alarm through his party; while, on the other hand, I felt persuaded that a dissolution so early had not been thought of by the Government. However, in the course of the morning I stumbled upon a Conservative member who at once set the question of the circular at rest, for he had received a copy. "Well," said I, "what do you think of it?" "Why," he replied, "I don't believe a word of it. Palmerston would never be so wild as to dissolve now, just as winter is coming on, money at 9 per cent, and a large portion of the members scattered about the Continent. Taylor must have been hoaxed." And, on diligent inquiry since made in sundry places where authority dwells, I find that it is even so. In every place the idea was laughed at. Only one man could I find who thought that the announcement might be true. His idea was this:—"You see," said he, "Palmerston's popularity is all that the Whigs have got to go to the country with, and they are afraid lest some accident should deprive them of this before next spring or autumn." However, the thing is a canard; but it must have been a very mischievous one, for it has gone fluttering abroad far and wide, and has caused no small stir amongst the Conservatives, and not a little temporary disarrangement, one would think, of plans and engagements.

Speaking of Palmerston's popularity reminds me that the noble Lord has passed into his eighty-first year. It has been said that he has long been ambitious to keep the premiership until his eightieth birthday. If this be so, he has obtained the object of his ambition. Had England ever an octogenarian Prime Minister before? I think not. Will Lord Palmerston now be satisfied, and at the close of this Parliament retire from his post? It is said that he will, but will still keep his seat in the house. Perhaps, as Lord Lansdowne did, he will have a seat in the Cabinet, without office—that is, if the Liberals should have a majority in the next Parliament. I confess, however, that I think this doubtful. If a Liberal majority be returned, and Palmerston give up the premiership, Gladstone must be the leader of the House, if not Prime Minister; and in either case we shall probably have an onward movement, made at a pace hardly pleasant to the noble Lord. But all this lies in the unknown future, and it is useless to speculate.

This 9 per cent is finding out the weak traders, manufacturers, and contractors. Contractors are probably feeling the pressure more severely than any class, as they rowadays, in the case of railway contracts, get but little money for their work. They are paid in shares, debentures, Lloyd Bonds, &c., which of course must be turned into cash promptly, at all cost, to meet payments for labour, &c. Now, the high rate of discount operates unfavourably to them in two ways. Firstly, the market price of these securities is dreadfully depressed; some are scarcely marketable at all; and, secondly, when money is got upon them by way of loan, the Bank rate, or something near it, must be paid. You will have seen that a member of Parliament has had to succumb—to wit, Mr. McCormick, the member for Londonderry. I find that those who know Mr. McCormick are not surprised by his failure. He rose from the ranks. In his early days he handled the spade; and it was by sheer natural talent and energy that he got to be what he has long been—one of our most eminent contractors. The works that he has done, I am told, are wonderful. One thing, however—owing, no doubt, to defective education—he never could do—viz., keep his accounts in proper order. In this department of his business he was always abroad, and hence probably his failure. Some of his friends who know him say that it is quite possible that when his accounts come to be set right they will show that he is solvent. By-the-way, this failure of Mr. McCormick explains a circumstance which was involved in no small mystery. You will remember that before a Committee of the House of Commons last Session to investigate some odd-looking transactions connected with the contracts for the Thames Embankment, it came out that Mr. McCormick offered to be bound for, or even to join in partnership with, a certain contractor who had sent in a tender at a much lower figure than that of Mr. Furness, and that this offer was refused by the Metropolitan Board of Works. Mr. Thwaites, the chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, was pressed to give a reason for the refusal, and declined, sheltering himself under the plea of "confidential communications." The plea, I remember, was at the time deemed most extraordinary, and a good deal of odium was heaped upon the head of Mr. Thwaites. It would, however, now appear that Mr. Thwaites may have been better acquainted with Mr. McCormick's position than the committee or the public generally were. Indeed, read in the light of this subsequent event, a good deal of the strangeness of the conduct of the Metropolitan Board of Works—though by no means all—disappears.

There is to be a struggle in North Essex, I hear, next election. The Liberals have been attending to the register. They have gained a thousand votes, and they mean to have a fight. Will they win? I do not think they will, and I will tell you the reason why. To win they must put up a candidate who will unite all the Liberals to a man. If they could find such a man and get him into the field, they would win. But here lies the difficulty. No doubt the right man might be found; but in this county, as elsewhere, there is an aristocratic clique which takes upon itself to manage all election matters. This aristocratic clique is as blind as a night owl; like the old Bourbons, it learns nothing and forgets nothing. What do you think now of its selecting the Honourable Mr. Cowper, whom Mr. Surtees beat in Hertfordshire. Well, why not? do you say. Why, for this reason: One cause of Mr. Cowper's defeat was his refusal to support the abolition of church rates; but in Essex the Dissenters are far more numerous, wealthy, and influential than they are in Hertfordshire. Essex is and always was the most dissenting county in the southern and eastern portions of England; and if Mr. Cowper should finally be the man selected, he will certainly again be whipped, and all the labour and cost of attending to the register will be sacrificed. Mr. Brand should look to this in time. I am told that none of the leading Dissenters have been consulted—the clique has settled the business.

Mr. Thomas Hood is about to publish a little volume of broad fun, with appropriate illustrations, and entitled "Vere Vereker's Vengeance: A Sensation." The work, I understand, will partake somewhat of the "Comic Annual" and "Whims and Oddities" character.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

THE LYCEUM opened on Saturday last with great éclat. The literary and artistic notabilities of London, with their wives and daughters, mustered in strong force; and the stir and hum of expectation rose from stalls to boxes, and from boxes to gallery. Was "The King's Butterfly" to be as great a success as "The Duke's Wager"? Would Mr. Fechter wear as many costumes and look as charmingly as in "Bel Demonio"? These were the questions to be solved before a very brilliant and elegant audience in a very elegant theatre. As to the question of genealogy, "The King's Butterfly" is a translation from the French; but, *mirabile dictu*, the translator, adapter, imitator, original writer (which is it?) has elected to remain unknown. And why should he, a he, or they not do so, if he, she, or they choose? Sir Walter Scott did so before them; and Junius increased his reputation by his carefully-kept anonymity. I merely mention the fact to show you how much true retiring modesty still exists in this present nineteenth century, and, of all places, in a theatre.

The plot of "The King's Butterfly," which is somewhat hazy, is something—mind, I say, something—for not the utmost stretch of mental attention nor the constant use of a double-barrelled binocular could unravel many of its intricacies—like this:—

Fanfan (Mr. Fechter) is a light-horseman in a coquetish cavalry costume and the service of his immaculate Majesty Louis XV. of France. He is of the true D'Artagnan type—brave, merry, joyous, good-tempered, and valiant—and has an invaluable mare, called Minerva, for whom he feels the same fervid and romantic affection as the late Mr. Richard Turpin is popularly supposed to have entertained for the world-renowned Black Bess. Fanfan, having quitted the service, gallops back to his native village in Normandy, where he finds his benefactor's house and farm are being "sold up" by a prosaic auctioneer. Fanfan re-enlists, and, with the bounty given him by a rascally crimp, one Ramponneau (Mr. Widdicombe), restores his benefactors to their former prosperity. Recruits are wanted, and Fanfan, who is a founding, finds in the same batch, destined for Paris, the friend of his youth, another founding, Gabriel (Mr. Fred. Charles), who has dared to lift the eyes of affection to the lovely Alice de Rosel (Miss Henrade), the ward of the proud and cruel Baron d'Alvera (Mr. Ryder), who, for some reason or other (known to himself possibly, but which he did not explain) wishes to substitute an heir to a large property—that is, to find a lad to make a sham Marquis of, that he may get that lad shot, and inherit the marquise. In Paris Fanfan accidentally meets Mme. de Pompadour, and believing her to be a bourgeoisie, makes love to her. The imbroglia then begins. D'Alvera informs Fanfan that he (Fanfan) is the veritable Marquis de Mornas, and Fanfan, while accepting the deception, discovers, by means of a rosary (oh, that strawberry mark, and that long-lost brother!), that Gabriel, his boyhood's friend, is the true heir. To save his friend from the death destined him by D'Alvera, Fanfan assumes the title, and draws all sorts of perils and misconceptions on his devoted head. Another element of confusion is the desire of Monsieur de Maurepas (Mr. McIntyre), in conjunction with D'Alvera, to ruin Mme. de Pompadour with the King and to make a vice-Queen, as Mr. Thackeray called it, of Alice de Rosel. However, truth, love, honesty, courage, loyalty, Fanfan, and the mare Minerva prove more than a match for diplomatic cunning and military treachery. D'Alvera and Maurepas are foiled; and Gabriel, Alice, Fanfan, Ramponneau, and Mme. de Pompadour—for "The King's Butterfly" is so singularly *rolage* in construction, that these two last-mentioned personages find themselves upon the side of virtue—are triumphant.

This is a very confused account, I know. *Mais que voulez vous?* I tell the tale as it was told to me.

Mr. Fechter, as the Butterfly, acted charmingly. He made love, professed friendship, showed fight, and galloped his horse with admirable effect. It was a pity such acting should be wasted on such a part. The other characters, though but slight sketches, were well played, and all praise is due to Mmes. Leclercq, Henrade, and Lavenu, Messrs. Ryder, Widdicombe, and Charles.

The scenery was exceptionally beautiful, even in these days of scenic perfection. Mr. Callcott, the artist, was more than once summoned to bow his thanks. The tableaux were five in number:—A Norman village in late autumn, with an old round tower, a mill-stream and a wheel, and a bridge, over which the Cavalry Butterfly gallantly galloped his delicate charger; a room in old Paris, with its broad staircase and massive doors; a gorgeous apartment in gorgeous Versailles, its shutters closed and its golden splendours darkened; then, the windows being opened, a stream of silver sunlight flooded the chamber, and the glories of morning lighted up the arabesque frames round tinted *fleur-de-lis*, mythological and pastoral; Versailles exterior—the Grandes Eaux, &c.—somewhat too stereoscopic and stony; and a moonlit wood, with a military bivouac and encampment. In the first and fourth acts two admirable ballets—the "Ballet des Meuniers" and the "Divertissement des Marguerites," a *fête à la Watteau*—were executed. To the costumes of every one concerned, from Marshal Saxe to a private soldier, no pen save that of a practised writer in the *Magasin des Modes* could do justice. At the conclusion of the piece, which occupied the entire evening, the National Anthem was sung. The chief fault of "The King's Butterfly" is a lack of interest in anybody in particular and everything in general. Indeed, it can hardly be considered to have a heroine at all. Still, such scenery and such dresses, though united to an uninteresting piece, are sure to prove attractive for a time.

The system of Mr. Banting, after having been written for and against, after having been followed, laughed at, believed in, sneered at, and discarded, has at last appeared as an ADELPHI farce. Alderman Podge, a retired tallowchandler, and his sister, Miss Fatima, are respectable individuals, wealthy, but fat. Struck by the lantern jaws and bony figure of an itinerant lecturer, who calls himself Professor Pankey, they engage that person to live in their house, to direct their diet, and generally superintend them; promising him that if his efforts to reduce their bulk are crowned with success they will not only reward him pecuniarily, but give him the hand of Miss Patty Podge; a proposition which, however remarkable from a realistic point of view, is not considered extraordinary on the other side of the foot-lights. Professor Pankey starves the respectable but too stout Podes, and disgusts the young lady, who has already fixed her affections on a surgeon named Lavender. When the Podge mansion is supposed to be hushed in profound repose, the Bantingites seek the larder, driven to this domestic burglary by the cravings of hunger. The Professor seeks the cellar for the purpose of intoxication, and Miss Patty seeks the window, with the intention of elopement. Policemen arrive; the fun becomes fast and furious; the impostor Professor is detected, and the curtain falls. Mr. Clarke, as the Professor, was extremely funny, and sung a very good parody on the charming old melody of "The margin of Zurich's fair waters" in such capital style that it was redemanded. "Doing Banting," though not equal to some of the former efforts of its authors, was very well received, and is, I suppose, destined to a long run. By-the-way, I find I have forgotten to mention that its authors were Messrs. Brough and Halliday, who would seem to be specially retained at this establishment for the production of *pieces de circonstance*. Could not these ingenious gentlemen do something with the Davenport Brothers? Guy Fawkes Day, too, is approaching. *Verbum sap*, which, in this case, means that an odd title is as good as an idea to practised playwrights.

The new farce at the HAYMARKET, "On the Sly," will not take rank with Mr. Maddison Morton's earlier efforts. The fun hinges on the terror of Mr. Josiah Dibbitts of Mrs. Josiah Dibbitts. Mr. Dibbitts having been to the Derby on the sly, and been seen with a lady, whom he met in the most innocent and accidental manner in the world, and that lady turning out to be Mrs. Dibbitts's dressmaker, Mrs. Dibbitts has compelled him to give up his keys, his purse, and his domestic liberty. Whenever Mr. Dibbitts assumes the *fortiter in re*, Mrs. D. simply utters the words, "I'll send for the Major," and he is prostrate at her feet. The fact is that Mr. Dibbitts is jealous of the Major—Major Growler—who, so far from harbouring intentions prejudicial to the conjugal serenity of Mr. Dibbitts, is himself on the point of marriage. Mr. Buckstone is very funny as the husband—as, indeed, Mr. Buckstone invariably is. Miss Snowden is a stately and majestic injured matron, and Mr. Rogers the most sonorous of retired officers.

The crowded houses attracted by Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, at Astley's, has induced the management of the little STRAND THEATRE to revive Mr. H. J. Byron's burlesque of "Mazeppa," with Miss Raynham for the hero. The young lady acts cleverly, but there are many parts in modern burlesque that are written too strongly for performers of the gentler sex. Madness in burlesque, as in tragedy, is the most difficult and dangerous experiment for a young artist. Miss Raynham was greatly applauded; and at the conclusion of the extravaganza everybody, including the author, was summoned before the curtain. Miss Thorne, as the Count Premislans, looked charmingly; and Miss Maria Simpson, Miss Johnstone, Mr. James, and Mr. Charles Fenton also deserve favourable mention. The great hit of the evening

was a new parody on a song which, I hear, is very popular at music-halls, called "The Sewing-machine." The parody, "The See-sawing Machine" (meaning the rocking-horse on which Mazeppa is bound), is in Mr. Byron's best style; indeed, it is so good that I can remember the last verse:—

The last sensation out
Is Adah Isaacs Men-keen,
Whose classical style of dress has not
Much troubled the sewing-machine.

I wonder which "Mazeppa" will run the longer—the Astley's or the Strand edition?

Of the new Surrey drama of "The Orange Girl" I hope to give an account in your next Impression.

A RUFFIAN IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

A REVEREND gentleman, residing in Gloucester, has furnished the following narrative of occurrences in which he was an actor during a journey from London to Swindon by the Great Western Railway last week:—

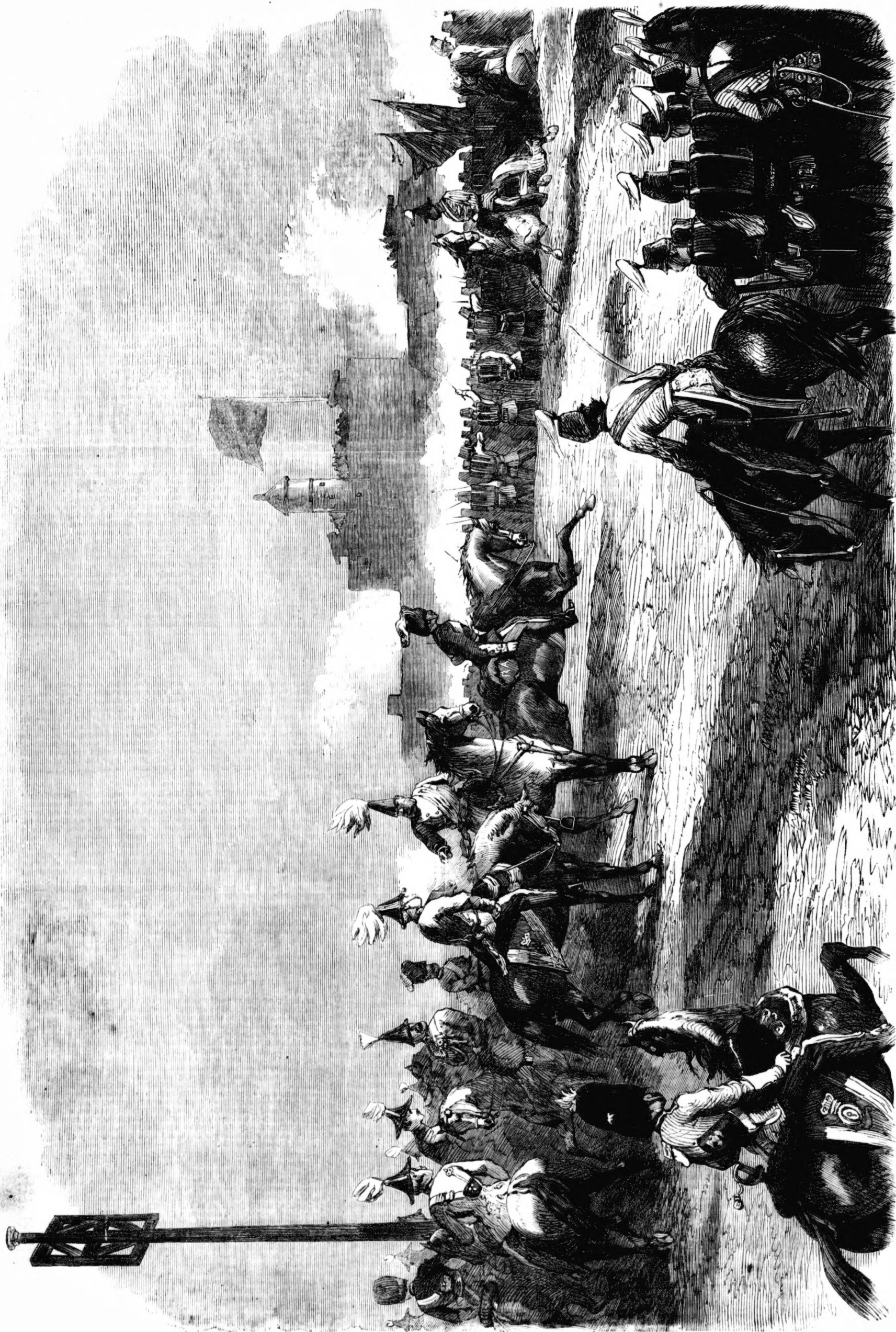
Travelling from London to Gloucester on Thursday by the express-train which left Paddington at a quarter to twelve, a scene took place which shows (if any additional proof were required) the importance of establishing some means of communication between the passengers and the guard. I had a second-class ticket, and, anxious to avoid the inconvenience of changing at Swindon, I took a seat in the through carriage to Gloucester. My fellow-travellers were two ladies, who were going, I think, into South Wales, and I had just settled snugly in a corner and prepared for a few hours' quiet reading, when my attention was attracted by the entrance of a man in sailor's dress, whose bloodshot eyes and savage mien told of drunkenness. I was on the point of seeking the guard when the fellow suddenly left the carriage, and the guard coming up at the moment, I requested he would not allow him to return. But to my surprise, at the instant of starting the fellow burst into the carriage, followed by the guard, who warned him that if he did not behave properly he would be left on the road. Now this was not a pleasant prospect. We were to run to Swindon without stopping, and were to be all this time caged with a drunken ruffian. But there was no help for it. In the course of some ten or twelve minutes the fellow vehemently proclaimed himself "a Southern privateer, and an enemy to the cursed English." Rising from his seat, he staggered over the feet of the ladies, and, confronting me, demanded what I had to say, threatening to "smash my skylights" if I did not tell him my opinion, and flourishing his huge fist in my face by way of warning. I quieted him for a few minutes by getting him to tell us something of his early life. He said he was an Englishman, had run away from home when a boy, had gone to South America, and that when the war broke out he had taken service in a Southern privateer. His tale was mixed up with such oaths and blasphemies that I was glad to withdraw my attention, whereupon, to my dismay, he produced a bottle of strong drink of some kind and swore he would "treat the company." He put it to his mouth by way of showing us how to do it, and took a pull so hearty and so long that he swallowed one half the contents. Declaring in words not to be repeated that the man or woman who did not drink should "catch it," he presented the bottle to each of the ladies. Having spent about ten minutes coaxing and threatening them, he turned to me. I expected I was "in for it," but on my refusal he only expressed contempt for "old Jinnies," and took the remainder himself at one gulp. This over, he prepared for smoking, and, seeing it alarmed us, he amused himself for some time in throwing about half-burnt matches. He had learnt the "free and easy" habits of American society, and spat with an accuracy of aim that was undeniable, for he made my face the target on two or three occasions. When he had satisfied himself upon this head he grew sleepy, and, stretching out his legs so as to take up one side of the carriage, fell, as we delightedly supposed, into a sleep. I settled down to read, and was, perhaps, ten minutes or so employed, when I was startled by a shriek and a spring from one of the ladies; and, on looking up, I saw, to my terror, that the fellow had suddenly opened the window and had so far succeeded in getting out that, but for the presence of mind and courage of the lady, who had seized him by the hair, he would have been under the wheels in another moment. By uniting our efforts we were able to drag him in; but for a full quarter of an hour he fought and tore like a savage, leaping at the window, and we restraining him, till at last he was compelled to desist through sheer exhaustion. What a situation to be in! He then adopted a line of retaliation which was so grossly indecent and outrageous that I dare not describe it. The poor ladies (whose conduct exceeded all praise) huddled together in a corner, while I stood in front guarding them with a stout umbrella. I confess if at this moment the scoundrel had attempted to get out of the window again, I think I should have allowed him his own way. Providentially, the engine-driver found it necessary to stop at Wantage-road, and I succeeded in obtaining aid and having him removed. If he had been compelled to run all the way to Swindon, Heaven, who preserved us, only knows what might have happened. The writer adds:—Now I think you will agree with me when I say that it was a shameful outrage to put such a ruffian into our carriage, or into any carriage, with civilised people. True it is we were only second-class passengers, but that is not sufficient reason—at least for us—why we should have been terrified almost out of our lives, and disgusted to loathing by the conduct of this drunken scoundrel. Never did I feel so utterly helpless. I put my head out of the window, and I called till I became hoarse; and, although the guard was within a few yards, we might have been murdered for any help he could have rendered, and all this in open day, and on the Great Western Railway. Perhaps if the wives and daughters of some of the directors had been in the carriage something might have come of it, but, of course, as they travel in the first-class such a thing is not likely to happen to them, and yet poor Briggs's case shows us that even these people are not always safe. How long will the public bear this kind of thing? Surely it is our duty to call upon Government to compel the directors to action.

A NEW DISCOVERY IN POMPEII.—Recent excavations at Pompeii have led to an interesting discovery. A square block of white marble was found near the Isis gate, on the sides of which the Roman calendar is engraved. Each side contains three months in three columns, over each the zodiacal sign of the respective month. Interesting and, for some, even important notices are written against the days, with regard to astronomy, agriculture, and the religion of the Romans. Thus the days of the religious festivals, &c., are accurately marked. Near the top, Apollo is seen driving the chariot of the sun; whilst below, near the base, Ceres is engaged collecting corn into a sheaf. This curious remnant of bygone days is now placed in the museum at Naples.

DEATH OF A WATERLOO VETERAN.—Major Richard Weyland, one of the surviving heroes of Waterloo, died at his family seat, Woodrising Hall, Norfolk, on the 14th inst. Major Weyland, who was a British soldier of the finest type, entered the Army at an early age, and continued in the 16th Light Dragoons until after the Peninsular War, and subsequently settled down as a country gentleman on his estate at Woodstone, Oxfordshire. In 1854, upon the death of his elder brother (the late Mr. John Weyland), the Major succeeded to the family estate in Norfolk, Woodrising Hall, and went to reside there. He was member of Parliament for the county of Oxford from 1852 to 1857, having for his colleagues the late Mr. Harcourt and Lord Norreys (the present Earl of Abingdon), and served the office of High Sheriff in 1850. Major Weyland's elder daughter is the present Countess of Verulam.

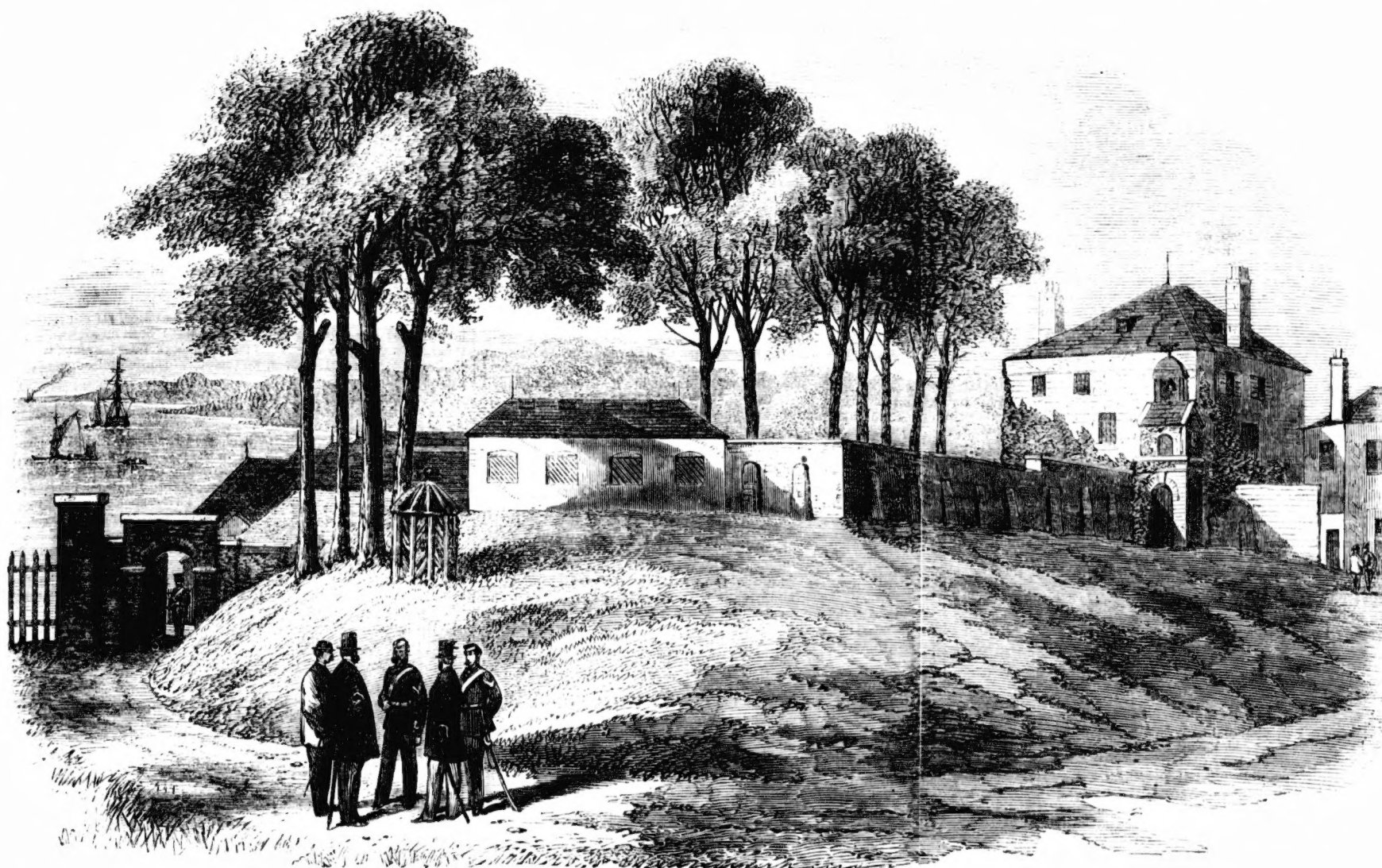
SUPPLY OF COALS TO UNITED STATES WAR-STEAMERS.—The Lords of the Treasury recently sent a communication to the Board of Customs stating that an application had been made to her Majesty's Government requesting permission to ship 40 tons of coal on board the United States ship Sacramento, at Dover, to enable her to proceed to Flushing; and that, in reply, Earl Russell had informed the United States Minister that, as it appeared that this vessel had been furnished with 87½ tons of coal, at Cork, on the 29th of July, and with a further supply of 25 tons, at Plymouth, on Aug. 17, her Majesty's Government could not permit the Sacramento to be again coaled at any port in the United Kingdom until the expiration of three months from the last date. The Commissioners of Customs have issued a circular to the outports calling attention to the case of a supply of coal having been obtained by a United States war-steamer, through an evasion of the law, and pointing out the penalties incurred by such an act. It appears that the cargo of coal was shipped on board a vessel at a British port, without due clearance by the proper officers of customs at the port of shipment; and that such coal had been laden, at sea, on board a ship of war of the United States of America.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN TURKEY.—A very numerous deputation, introduced by Lord Cairthorpe, and composed mainly of the Evangelical Alliance, on Wednesday presented a memorial to Earl Russell at the Foreign Office, inviting his attention to certain recent proceedings of the Turkish Government at Constantinople, which they allege constitute a violation of religious liberty. Earl Russell, in reply, explained that the subject was one of considerable difficulty as to the facts, the Turkish Government alleging that the steps they had taken were the result of indiscretion on the part of the missionaries in performing their services in places where they were likely to cause a disturbance of the public peace. He could not agree in the view the Turkish authorities took, that the converts must not communicate their convictions to others lest they should induce them also to become Protestants. That was a natural exercise of their religion, in which the Hatti Humayoun said they should not be molested. Whilst they should firmly insist on that agreement being carried out, it behoved those who went out as missionaries to treat the national religion with that respect with which they would expect to have their own treated by people of all creeds living in this country. He understood that three men who had been imprisoned for embracing the Protestant faith had been released, but he would make inquiry as to the statement that banishment followed their release from prison.



THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S VISIT OF INSPECTION TO PORTSMOUTH: THE TROOPS ATTACKING SOUTHEAST CASTLE—(FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. SECORDE.)

THE GOVERNMENT POWDER-MAGAZINES AT PURFLEET.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE MAGAZINES.

In our last week's Number, we copied from a daily contemporary, the *Times*, a lengthy and interesting description of the Government powder-stores at Purfleet. We this week publish a series of

Engravings illustrative of the construction of the magazine and of the mode of carrying on operations there. Sir George Grey has called the attention of the Thames Conservancy Board to the system

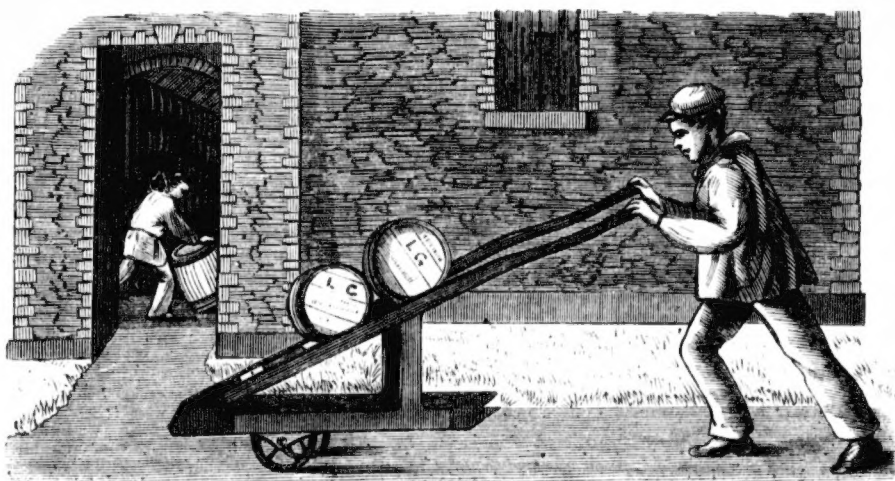
at present in use for the carriage and shipment of powder in the river, with the view of means being devised for the more effectual protection of the lives and property of the public.



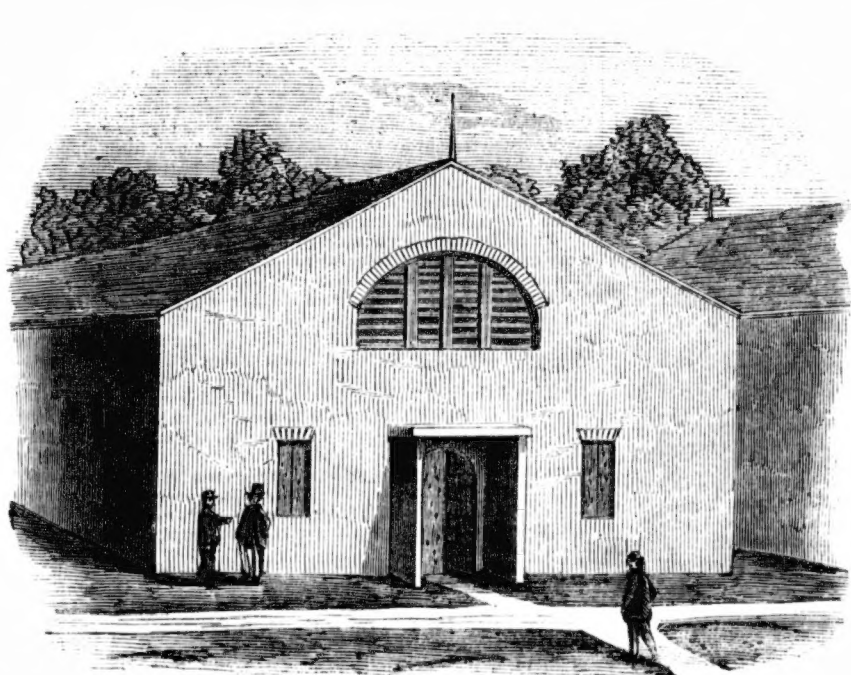
WORKMAN PUTTING ON HIS POWDER-DRESS.



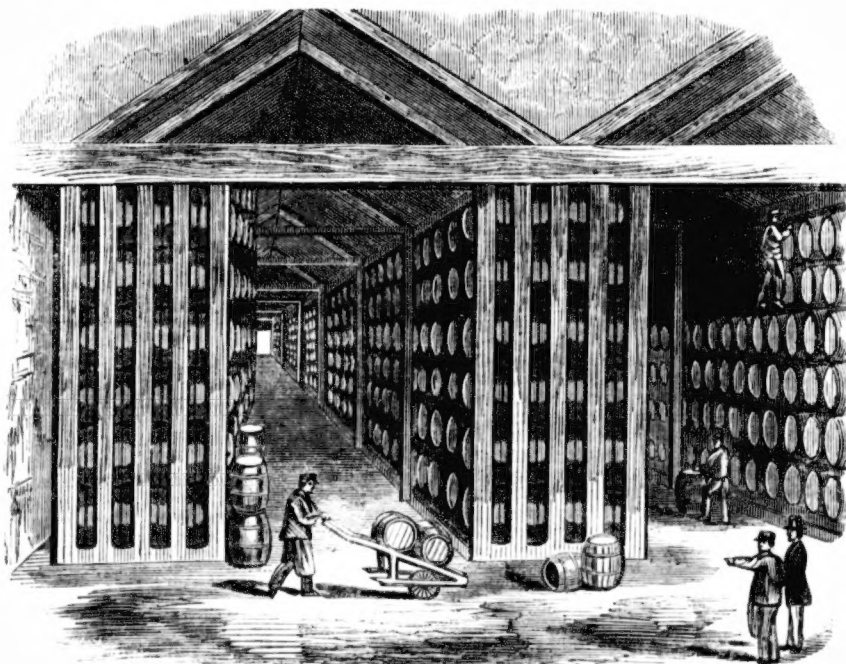
HAND-MIRROR FOR THROWING LIGHT INTO THE MAGAZINE.



WHEELING POWDER INTO THE STORE.



EXTERIOR OF POWDER-MAGAZINE.



INTERIOR OF POWDER-MAGAZINE.

Literature.

Early Ballads, Illustrative of History, Tradition, and Customs. Edited, with Notes, by ROBERT BELL. Charles Griffin and Co. This volume is one of the series known as "Bell's English Poets," and wonderfully cheap it is. The critical notes are good, and sufficient for the purpose; and the collection will be found, with regard to extent, satisfactory to most readers. The range taken by the editor is "from the close of the fourteenth to the beginning of the seventeenth century." We begin with "London Lackpenny" and end with "The Merchant's Daughter of Bristow;" taking most of the old favourites on the way. And that is all we need say by way of introducing the volume. Small criticism the reader can well spare, and it is better to say that there is no such collection of old ballads at anything like the price.

What is a ballad? Poetry concerns itself with human emotion. That may be expressed either in action or in speech. The poetry of emotive action divaricates into the drama and the epic as its two chief forms. The poetry of emotive speech becomes the lyric. The ballad may be called (excuse the expression) a portable, or popular form of the high or permanent type in each kind. Thus you may have the lyrical ballad, the narrative ballad, or the dramatic ballad. The best specimen of the last class is "The Nut-brown Maid;" and all the resources of critical commendation might be exhausted a thousand times before it was sufficiently praised. Considered merely as an example of what the English vernacular is capable of merely in the way of versification, it is a wonderful poem. It is customary to praise Poe, Ingoldsby, and others for their fertility of rhyme; but they must hide their diminished heads before the author of "The Nut-brown Maid," whoever he was. Again, we are constantly hearing complaints of the paucity, in English, of feet capable of framing hexametrical verse. But no complaint whatever should be raised against the metrical possibilities of the language in which this extraordinary poem has been produced. As Lord Byron says, about this very matter of rhyming,

Good workmen never quarrel with their tools.

His Lordship had a right to speak scornfully of bad rhymers, for he was himself a master of the craft. But could he have done "The Nut-brown Maid?" It is doubtful. At all events, there stands the ballad, marvellous in the dramatic give-and-take of the dialogue, and more marvellous still in the facile multiplication of rhymes that never descend to jingle. It is a standing rebuke to poets of three classes—those who allow facility to run into doggerel (a fault from which Browning is never for many lines quite free); those who permit themselves to use shoddy rhymes; and, thirdly, those who are stingy with their rhymes.

What, the reader inquires, is a shoddy rhyme? A shoddy rhyme is one which is not genuine and organically related to the idea of the verse. Edgar Poe was a shoddy rhymist:—

And, Guy de Vere,
Hast thou no tear?
Weep now or nevermore!
Lo, on yon drear
And rigid bier,
Low lies thy love, Lenore!

This is shoddy, and confoundedly bad shoddy, too, of a kind in which Poe was very prolific. *Vere* is stuck in to rhyme with *tear*; but *Mere* or *Dere* would have done just as well.

The shoddy rhyme must not be confounded with the naive rhyme, whether in serious or burlesque verse. Of naive rhyming the old ballads furnish numerous examples. Now and then a modern antique gives you something that trembles on the verge of either. Take Keats's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci":—

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sighed full sore;
And there I shut my wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

Why four? Is that a naive rhyme or a shoddy rhyme?

Of all modern writers—perhaps of all writers that ever lived—Thackeray has shown the keenest sense of the power of naive rhyming. Indeed, a great deal of the exquisite humour of his ballads must be lost upon all but poetic artists. Everybody sees something good is there; but only one in ten thousand gets the fine "bouquet" of the tipple. We boldly hazard the prophecy that Thackeray will stand higher as a poet a hundred years hence than he does now. As an artist in rhyme he is *facile princeps* among his contemporaries—thus far.

We have said that "The Nut-brown Maid" is a standing rebuke, also, to *stingy* poets. A stingy poet is one who in a four-line verse only gives you two rhymes, when he owes you four. This is a very shabby trick to play upon a reader. Wordsworth was often guilty of it; but then, he was a shabby fellow. There is not, we believe, one stingy verse in all Shelley or in all Tennyson. "The Nut-brown Maid" pours out the rhymes with an air which seems to say, "Take notice, there are plenty more where these came from!" So there are, and it is downright laziness not to draw upon the "plenty" when the music demands it.

For schooling in the wild, free music of the English tongue, ready to yield itself to passionate or vigorous solicitation, commend us to the old ballads. Singing as they go, these gypsies of poetry—tramps of poetry you may call some of them—have a knack of striking out the music which makes their voices, heard across the dusk of the centuries, powerful to instruct as well as charm the student of poetry. He therefore, in an especial degree, will be grateful for Mr. Bell's little volume, if he cannot get hold of anything larger.

The Linen Trade, Ancient and Modern. By ALEX. J. WARDEN, Merchant, Dundee. Longman and Co.

"The Linen Trade, Ancient and Modern," does not at once strike the average reader as a lively subject for a large and thick volume. But Mr. Warden claims indulgence for being no professional book-maker, and he may certainly be acquitted of being a title-maker. The title is the faintest indication of the contents of a volume which is historically interesting to all readers, whilst it cannot fail to have special claims on a large section of manufacturers and their workmen. The early part of the book is taken up with an account of the growth of flax, the general foundation of linen, with especial reference to its cultivation in respect to rotation of crops, &c., subjects which the growers should already know, or should study completely under Mr. Warden's able guidance. Hemp and jute are similarly described, as they undoubtedly belong to the same genus, and have, or have had, much more to do with linen than most people would imagine. Indian nettle and China grass are also subjects of discussion, as well as the New Zealand flax discovered by Captain Cook, and which now obtains no cultivation. "Bible linen" forms an excellent chapter, leading the way to linen as known to the ancients. In "the years long still" ladies would spin, instead of "doing" crochet or worse. "In these occupations high-born ladies took refuge from anxiety and sorrow," says the author. Hector recommended it to Mrs. Hector, and Telemachus to his mother; and even "Helen, though frail as fair, was laborious as Penelope, plying her shuttle or her golden distaff, and surrounded habitually by a group of maidens, the she-manufacturers of the period." Such stories must read strangely in Lancashire and amongst distressed needlewomen everywhere. The early accounts are full of interest. The ancient Romans stuck to woollen garments, but the more effeminate period of the Empire was not satisfied without fine linen to its purple. Italy and Spain were great in their growth, importation, and manufacture; but with their general decay decayed the flax idea. In the present day, however, Italy is so rich in the plant as to export large quantities; and in Spain the linen trade is reviving, as everything else seems to be doing. In France the emigration of workmen consequent upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 gave a great blow to trade, and set Hamburg in competition. Russia has for a long period been the greatest flax and hemp growing country in the world. In Turkey it is but little thought of. Coming nearer home—whilst necessarily omitting much, even in the

briefest glance, of this volume's contents—we find that flax was indigenous to Britain, and that in the reign of John the use of linen was familiar to the great body of the people. In 1643 Parliament laid a duty on damask table-linen; and a few years later, despite every encouragement given, we were almost wholly supplied with linens from France. In Ben Jonson a tablecloth is described as costing £18. By-and-by came the grievances, of course. The silk-weavers complained that the use of printed stuff was so common that there was no distinction of classes—which meant that the silk people were being ruined; and in 1770 Arkwright's invention, obviating the necessity of using flax yarn for warp, put cotton fairly upon her until lately flourishing legs. In Ireland, although linen was known there at a very early period, the accounts are vague and unsatisfactory; until, about the close of the seventeenth century, a stipulation with England with respect to the woollen trade produced an activity which has led the flax culture and manufacture to its present flourishing condition. With respect to Scotland, Mr. Warden has collected a vast mass of information, always useful, sometimes amusing. In early times the Scotch were as badly off as their neighbours, but they had much to do with the Irish success, and soon saw the utility of establishing a success for themselves. One third of Mr. Warden's book is devoted to very minute details of the Scotch trade, and the very minuteness of the account is quite sufficient to render it impossible to give any general sketch here. But it is a most important branch of the subject, and has naturally received the best attention from its author.

Love's Strife with the Convent; or, the Heiress of Strange Hall. By EDWARD MASSEY. 3 vols. Ward and Lock.

It can scarcely be fancied that Mr. Massey was serious in writing his novel, and therefore it is unnecessary to be serious in treating of it—unless it be to tell the author that he has produced no novel at all, but simply a collection of sketches of society, opinions, newspaper reports, and scraps of verse, which are lively, dull, old, and stupid in turns. He is evidently very foolish, and, of course, is under the impression that all people older than himself are so much more foolish still. Wordsworth's theory, that as we advance in years we recede from godliness, is beautiful enough; but to reduce this into the lower position of the subaltern knowing all about the service and the Colonel being ignorant of all, can but lead to the idea that Mr. Massey is very sure upon some subaltern point, and that in all probability he is himself alone to blame. But the book is about "Love's Strife with the Convent." Captain Seymour is engaged to Ella Seymour, the heiress of Strange Hall; but whilst the Captain is on duty at Bermuda, the young lady's guardian wickedly puts her into a convent, having planned to share the large property with the priestly authorities. But Seymour hears of all this, and returns home just as Ella is being forced to take the black veil. A friend of his, Captain Nott, who is in command of his company in the neighbourhood, gives him all assistance; and, backed up by a company of volunteers—what would Mr. Murdoch say? not to mention H.R.H. Commanding-in-Chief—they rescue Ella just as the Bishop is blessing her at the altar, and Seymour elopes with her on board a yacht; and the thing is so far amicably settled. Guardian and priest are forced to come to terms. Mixed up with all this general nonsense, which culminates with so ludicrous an idea of the duties of her Majesty's Foot and her Majesty's Volunteers, is a collection of all the bugbears which ever played around Roman Catholic and conventual life, mixed up with much biblical discussion which would not have disgraced Miss Olivia Primrose, who, "indeed had read much controversy, including the 'Religious Courtship,' in Defoe." The scenes in the West Indies are decidedly amusing; the spoiled marriage and the court-martial being very lifelike sketches. But it is difficult to understand how English officers, as soon as they get to Bermuda, appear to belong to the United States army. That, at least, is the effect produced by Mr. Massey's novel literature. All the newspaper cuttings about Prince Alfred's progress in the island are quite out of place here, and besides, they have all already been reprinted in another silly book by the surgeon of the St. George. It is not customary in society for people to turn upon you at a moment's notice with a page and a half of their own verse, but at Strange Hall it is a common custom, and such verse! Moreover, Ella, her governess, and one of the captains contribute to magazines, and actually inflict their platitudes on the readers of "Love's Strife." A game at croquet is described in about the time that it took to be played; and we are told how Seymour, feeling depressed, went down to the Crystal Palace, admired the collection of works of art, had a nutron chop and a glass of sherry, and returned feeling more lively. It is impossible that Mr. Massey could have thought three volumes of such absurdity worth having at the cost of a guinea and a half.

The Joys and Sorrows of a Schoolmaster. By One of Themselves. London: W. Allan and Co.

This volume comprises the autobiography of a humble village-schoolmaster, which, if it be not without its peculiar defects, the insipidities of high life are, at any rate, not amongst them. The leading characters only venture to approach a member of the "upper ten" with fear and trembling; they look upon a state councillor as a prince, and the parochial beadle as a potentate. The hero, though encumbered with a large family, has been officially declared unworthy a stipend equivalent to about six pounds a year. Eventually he proves himself entitled to greater consideration, and is finally made happy through having his claims admitted by the constituted authorities. The style, characterised by a vein of covert humour, is homely in the extreme; the narrator, whilst pathetically lamenting the want of proper religious instruction amongst the children, combining his polemics with jokes and witticisms of the broadest kind. The volume itself is very neatly got up, and is well worth the moderate price at which it is published.

Bee-keeping. By THE TIMES BEE-MASTER. With Illustrations. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

The Bee Letters in the *Times* having met with much attention and no little controversy, Dr. Cumming—there is no secrecy concerning the authorship—has written a hundred pages about bees, followed them with the *Times*' letter, added many letters he has received on the subject, and printed all in a handsome volume. It is a flagrant instance of book-making. Nine-tenths of his hundred pages are extracted from renowned writers on bees. The letters have been proved to be occasionally wrong. Their tone is frequently too moral, pompous, and self-satisfied. The letters from his correspondents are invariably laudatory; his observations upon correspondence which he does not print invariably insulting. Altogether, this amusing book is a mixture of humility and self-conceit which is at once Christian and ridiculous.

Compensation to Land and House Owners: Being a Treatise on the Law of the Compensation for Interests, &c., payable by Railway and other Public Companies. By THOMAS DUNBAR INGRAM, Esq. London: Butterworth.

In these days, when no man can call his house or ground so much his own as to be secure from the invasions of railway projectors, a work such as that before us may well command a larger public than an ordinary law-book. This is, moreover, a portable and a most readable work, by no means to be confounded with those ponderous tomes in "law calf" which even yet form the staple of legal libraries. It contains a clear, complete, and well-arranged compilation of the present state of the law upon the important subject on which it treats. The subject of compensation to yearly tenants ousted by railway companies—a matter upon which considerable advantage has been taken of popular ignorance—is here explained with such lucidity that we can scarcely imagine anyone to whom the topic may be of interest who could not at once ascertain, by a perusal of a few pages of this book, the law as applicable to his own case. A useful appendix of forms and statutes is added to the work, and the index (a portion of high importance in a work of reference) is ample and judiciously framed.

OUR FEUILLETON.

A "COMPETITIVE" FOR THE GASWORKS.

EPHRAIM LIMBER was dead, and that made two vacancies. "Poor Limber! I wonder who will be appointed?" said Blucher, bursting into the room where I was busily employed in stirring the fire.

Blucher and I were firm friends, the only pair in the gasworks-office, where we had now been four years, and earned, the two of us, about £200 a year in the aggregate, as supplemental clerks.

The gasworks department was not a place for friends. Its staff numbered some eighty or ninety; but there were scarce two "fellows" amongst us. We were all "odd" ones, chosen from every class of society without any regard to mutual compatibility. We had one Lord by courtesy, two honourables, half a dozen sprigs of aristocracy, fifty quondam lawyers' clerks, and many of more doubtful antecedents, but few middle-class men. The few there were did not hold together. Some clung or tried to cling to the sprigs and the honourables; some hail-fellow-well-met rascals hobbled and nobbed with the snobs, partly, out of defiance, partly out of taste; only two stuck to each other and themselves, and these two were Blucher and I—I being Timothy Dabchick, youngest of the sons, fifteen in number, of the Rev. Philemon Dabchick, Rector of Grey Chapel; and Blucher being Wellington Blucher, only son of the late Wellington Blucher, Esq., barrister-at-law, and author of "The Peninsular Campaign," an epic poem, in ten books.

This brief account of our parentage will sufficiently account for our position in the world. It was necessity and not choice that made us supplemental clerks in the gasworks office. If our fortunes had been of our own choice, I should have been an artist, with a thousand a year private income; and Blucher poet laureate, with a similar allowance. However, we took our lot like philosophers, and grumbled not.

"Poor, poor Limber," said I. "It was a happy release, perhaps; but, still, that is not what we should like others to say about us when we are gone."

"Now, don't you be foolish," exclaimed Blucher, ruthlessly; "you know his death has been expected for the last two months. Why, it was only last Tuesday week we were going over the list together, and you said, 'There's one,' when you came to Limber's name, and struck it out with a pen. Besides, you never spoke a word to him in your life, and he's been dead a week. Moreover, he was, perhaps, the greatest—well, I won't speak ill of him now, poor fellow."

"Are not you making up rather a fierce fire; it is quite warm today," said Blucher, presently.

"No; not a bit too fierce for old Cowering. You know he has asthma, and an awful temper to boot; and if the fire isn't heated like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, why, I get the worst of it."

"Well, but about the promotion. There are two vacancies, you know, and they can't help making the appointments now. Who do you think will be nominated?"

"Why you will, for one, of course."

"And you for another?"

"Perhaps so."

"And who for the other?" said Blucher.

"The other, why there are only two vacancies."

"Yes; but it is to be competitive."

"Competitive, nonsense! Why, who told you so," I gasped, feeling my hair stir at the awful prospect of a competition for the long-merited place.

"I've just heard all about it from De Morny. You and I are nominated, and some one else, to compete for the two places; you will never guess who the other is."

"Not Pilkington?"

"No."

"Jenkins?"

"No."

"I give it up."

"It's that beast Crafter!" hissed out the infuriate Blucher.

"Crafter!" I was paralysed with astonishment. Crafter, the temporary extra supplemental, who had only been taken on on account of the press at the illumination time. That red-haired, freckled, spectacled, thin young man, that was always poking his nose into the room when I was reading the paper; the contemptible spy who was sure to be on the staircase when I came in late. Crafter, who had only served her Majesty in the most subordinate and temporary capacity for three months at the outside, was nominated to compete with Blucher and myself, who had done the state so much service. It was monstrous!

Now, Blucher and I belonged to a private debating society, held weekly in the up-stairs room of the Hen and Oyster, Crust-lane; and, in order to cultivate our oratorical talents, were accustomed, when strongly moved and when no one else was within earshot, to deliver our sentiments in as powerful a flow of language as we could command—for practice. Now was an opportunity not to be lost. I was strongly moved by a noble passion of mingled indignation and contempt; and vituperation, anathema, and satire were the veins in which I peculiarly excelled. Seizing the almost red-hot poker in my hand, I flourished it over my head, and polished off Crafter then and there. I anatomised him, I pulverised him, I left him no leg to stand upon, I trampled him under my feet—metaphorically; when the end of the poker came in contact with the globe of old Cowering's lamp, and old Cowering entered the room at the same moment.

Now, if this had happened in Cowering's private office (which is, in the first place, supposing that Cowering had a private office, which he had not), he would not have taken it very quietly, for he was a cross old man, and a niggardly one. Nay, despite the globe—a large "solar" lamp-globe—which was smashed in pieces, the wanton waste of coals, which extended half up the chimney, would have called down severe rebuke upon my head. But, luckily for me, this was a public office, and I was not dependent upon him. The coals were not his coals, the lamp-glass was not his lamp-glass, and his authority over me was tempered in its exercise by a desire to "stand well" with me, in the hope of some reversionary interest in the way of introduction to my friends; for my keeping myself to myself at the office had given me the reputation among certain men of his stamp of a superior gentility.

"Fits fits what a misfortune!" he said, coming in and glancing at the fire with considerable satisfaction. "You had better ring for the messenger to take away these pieces and bring us a fresh globe."

And that was all that was said upon the subject. Cowering, having peeled himself to about one third of his original size, but still keeping a muffled round his throat, came and warmed himself by the fire and joined in the conversation respecting the nomination.

"You will have a hard tussle with Mr. Crafter, Dabchick. He is a capital fellow at accounts; he runs up those schedules in no time—takes in twenty figures at a glance."

"Yes; but he can't spell," said Blucher, scornfully. "He spells gasmeter, 'gasmeter.'"

"Ah!" said Cowering, "that was when he first came here; but he has been coaching up with that fellow Vademecum for the last six weeks."

"Then I shall go to Vademecum too," said Blucher.

"We will go together," said I, always somehow feeling more myself, more confident, when I had that great, strong, healthy Blucher by my side; for though of undaunted valour—especially when demolishing with rhetoric a Crafter (or a lamp-glass)—I have that nervous constitution which quite incapacitates me for original and bold action. Let Blucher go before, though, and I would follow him to—Vademecum's, or the examination-room. Who could say more than that?

But I was nervous—nervous to an excess for which I know not well where to find a parallel, except in my spirit. I inwardly longed for the contest; I had, whenever the point had been mooted, declared loudly in favour of competitive examinations, and vowed that I should scarcely value my promotion if gained by the tame ordeal of a "pass." To be asked to pass such an examination as that required by the Civil Service Commissioners for candidates in

our office was an insult, as I frequently had declared. Spelling, arithmetic, English composition of a simple character—not amounting to more than a test of grammar—geography, with an easy translation from French, formed the entire programme; and I had hitherto stated my opinion boldly that those incapable of passing such a test were not fit to serve her Majesty in any capacity, however menial. I was confident in my own powers to pass at a moment's notice. I felt also as confident that many of my fellow-clerks could not do so, and so I longed for a competitive examination, in which I might show forth my superior powers. Nay—but this is a secret—I had for the last two years studied regularly every day. I had bought up all the examination-papers that I could collect, and gone through them time after time, so that I knew the questions, as well as the answers, like a child knows his catechism. "Coach up" for such an examination! I laughed at the idea.

Spelling! English composition! Why, had not poems, signed "T. D.," appeared in the poet's corner of the *Greyhound Gazette*? French translation! Had I not a neat copy of *Telemaque* inscribed with a testimony to my knowledge of the French language, which had been won as a prize at school? Arithmetic! Had I not been through Colenso four times, not omitting the miscellaneous questions at the end? Geography! I knew the world by heart; could trace at a moment's notice any given country, with the ports, capitals, mountain-chains, rivers, lakes, and seas: and give accounts of all the remarkable events for which any particular place was celebrated; the treaties of Europe were at my fingers' ends, and I knew the exact latitude and longitude of the points where the Himalayas merged into the Hindoo Koosh and the Erz into the Riesen Gebirge. Let me have a competitive examination! I was my cry aloud; and I will show these fellows how the full number of marks may be attained by accurate knowledge, was my inward reflection.

Under these circumstances, it is only fair to give Blucher great credit for generous forbearance in not laughing at my dismay when I heard that the examination was to be competitive, and in suffering my expressed determination to seek Vademecum's assistance, to pass without a remark; but he knew the nervousness of my character, and forbore. He had not troubled his head about it hitherto; for, unlike me, he took all things in an easy way. He would not have thought of employing "a coach" if the examination had not been competitive, and now declared that he should only do so for the purpose of getting up geography, of which he was as ignorant as a Chinese, with less difficulty than he could by his own unaided powers.

Shaken as my confidence in myself had been at the mere mention of the word "competitive," my nervousness increased rapidly as the conversation proceeded, and reached a pitch of frantic dismay when Blucher sauntered quietly out of the room. How could he be so cool? that puzzled me—a man who had scarcely looked at arithmetic or French since he left school; while I — Good gracious, how hot I was!

I frankly confess, I did no work that day. I tried, but it was out of my power. I had to prepare a return of the average cubic feet of gas to the acre consumed in London during the past month, being part of the valuable bluebook annually presented by our department to the Houses of Parliament; but my powers were unequal to the task of performing the simplest operation of arithmetic. Addition, always an uncertain exploit with me, was for that day the most fatiguing and bewildering employment. No less than twenty different results did I obtain from the same column of figures, and then I gave it up in despair. What if such should be my state of mind at the examination? What is called separate addition (i.e., a separate paper of long addition sums) was, I knew, the stumbling block that had overthrown many clever men at the threshold of official life, and from this fall there was no uprising. No essay, were it ever so clever, no translation, were it ever so just, would in the examiners' eyes compensate for default in separate addition. And how could I add, if I were in this state of mind at the examination? Then did the figure of Crafter, hitherto despised, rise in terror before me. The man who could take twenty figures at a gulp, like a numerical ogre, might be hated, but could no longer be despised.

"Why, how pale you look, old fellow!" said Blucher, coming in at four o'clock, ready to proceed with me to Vademecum's. "Aren't you well?"

"Yes; but look here!" And I pointed to the twenty different results to the same column of figures, which was all I had to show for my day's work. "I shall be plucked, I know," I said.

"Nonsense, you must practise addition, that is all," said Blucher. "But I have been practising it every day, for the last two years."

"And can't you do better than that?"

"Yes, when I am calm and cool, and by myself; but I shall never be able to do it with a lot of fellows round me."

"Nonsense," said Blucher again. "Why, I declare," he cried, bursting out laughing, "your first result is the right one, I've just run over it."

We went to Vademecum's. On the way Blucher purchased for sixpence an old copy of Butler's Geography, notwithstanding I told him that it was utterly useless for the ordeal which he was about to pass, and quite out of date.

"The world is much the same as it was ten years ago, I suspect," he said, smiling; "the political alterations that have taken place lately I shall learn from Vademecum; that's what he is meant for. Besides, you have got all the best books, haven't you?"

"Yes; the very best."

"And do you know them?"

"Pretty fairly, I think."

"Why, then, what's the use of my going to Vademecum at all, and spending my money?" he cried. "You shall be my coach, old fellow."

"I think it would be better not to trust to me," I replied, paling with terror at the idea of his taking up any of the valuable time that was left.

Blucher looked at me and read my thoughts, and said, half smiling, "Well, just as you please. I shan't buy any more books than I can help, however."

Mr. Vademecum was busily engaged, but would be with us directly, and we were shown into a small room begirt with maps, on which the mountains, principal places, &c., were marked with startling decision, precisely in the method adopted by myself on a smaller scale. I sat down on a chair and waited in awful suspense the coming of the great man; but Blucher, to whom the maps were a novelty, sauntered about the room, staring at them one after the other with intense interest.

"By Jove!" he said, presently, drawing a deep breath, "what a flat Vademecum is to show us in here! Why, I have learnt all I want to know. Make a few maps like these and stare at them for an hour or so, and I should learn more than I could write down in a week. If he don't come soon I shall go home and begin, and leave him alone."

I had hardly recovered my surprise at this remark when Mr. Vademecum, a little, ferrety, middle-aged man, with a habit of washing his hands "with invisible soap in imperceptible water," entered the room and requested to know, in a bland voice, to what he owed the honour of our visit.

"We are about to go up for a competitive examination," said Blucher, having waited for me to speak, an operation as difficult to me now as addition had been in the morning.

"Competitive. Indeed! Hah!" said the little man, washing his hands. "Well, they are nasty things, competitive examinations; but I have had great—I may say wonderful—success with my candidates in competitive examinations. May I ask for what office?"

"The Gasworks," said Blucher.

"Hah! Indeed! the Gasworks," said the little man, leaving off his imaginary ablutions and taking his pocket-book out. For a little while he looked at it and then shut it up and put it back again. "I am afraid, gentlemen, it is, as I thought, out of my power to assist either of you. I have so many pupils that it is impossible for me to recollect accurately; but I thought so. I make it my rule never

to assist more than one gentleman for one examination, and my services are, I am afraid, retained by Mr. Crafter on this occasion."

I felt very sick as Mr. Vademecum bowed us out, and was in a state of mental prostration for the rest of the evening, employing myself in searching the advertisements in the *Times* for some other coach as a substitute for the great Vademecum, and in collating them; but I had not made up my mind as to their several merits when a headache drove me to bed, but not to sleep. I left Blucher delighted at having gained so much knowledge at so little expense, and thanking his stars at being delivered from the *jav*, as he called it pleasantly, of Vademecum.

I will not trouble the reader with a full account of the awful month that elapsed before the awful day of trial came; it would supply copy for a three-volume "sensation" novel. Suffice it to say that I was up early in the morning of the next day, and applied myself with renewed zeal to the task of climbing figures, but my failure was almost as complete as it had been the day before. I tried toiling slowly and painfully up the numerical ladder, making a pause at each step, as it were, to take breath; but I became dizzy before I reached the top, and tumbled down. Then I tried to scale it like a lamp-lighter, and missed my footing. I was tired and despondent when I reached the office. Blucher, as if to annoy me, was in the highest spirits as to the result of his first evening's study of geography, and made me catechise him in Europe—which I did, devising the most subtle and puzzling questions in my repertory. He answered boldly and, for the most part, correctly, which astonished and bewildered me. Could it be possible that this was the result of only one evening's work, while I could scarcely have answered better who had devoted at least six months to the special study of that particular quarter of the globe? At this rate, he would know his subject better than I on the great day; and though he was my friend and Crafter my enemy, I could not help thinking that it would be better for Crafter to succeed at his expense than my own. There was no hope for it, I must have a coach. Surely with a coach's assistance, added to my present knowledge, I must be more than a match for Blucher.

I don't know why, but I felt that Crafter must succeed. A few hours' trial of addition had assured me that he must—that the struggle would lie between myself and Blucher, and this idea never deserted me till the dread day of examination. What a change had arisen between my feelings towards my old friend (inwardly, that is to say, for I think that, at least, I kept my rising hatred to myself) before that day came. I chafed at his very presence—that jovial, affectionate presence, that never failed to make everybody feel happier and brighter. For the last fortnight I confess, with shame, I hated Blucher.

I, unknown to him, for I could not confess this weakness, went to a coach whom I feel certain did not know as much as his pupil of the subjects he received five pounds to teach. Day and night was I climbing up and down interminable ladders, mountains of figures. I repeated the capitals of the world to myself at night, and translated French at the breakfast-table. Never, I believe, before or since, were the elements of learning so confounded as in my stupid head. I awoke one morning at two a.m. shouting "Twice four make Cotopaxi!"

On the awful eve of the dreadful day, Blucher insisted on my doing nothing. We had hardly spoken for a day or two. I had pretended to be so busy on the Gas Return as to be unable to spare the half-hour in the middle of the day usually devoted to chat; and he had kindly, without a word, left me to finish the addition or the page of French translation that he knew was hidden beneath the official folio; but to-day he insisted on my doing no work of any kind—declared I should be light-headed and utterly unfit for the next day's trial if I did one iota of work that day. Luckily, I allowed myself to be carried away, and we made an evening of it, parting early with a promise on both sides not to open a book till the examination was over. "Not to open a book!" I gave the promise, laughing wildly in my sleeve, knowing that I should break the spirit if not the letter. It was three o'clock on the morning of the examination before I threw my bewildered head upon my pillow—after answering the most difficult papers I possessed on all the prescribed subjects.

I was seated at my place in the examination-rooms, chewing the end of a quill pen, and with my heart beating audibly, some five minutes before the papers were given out. I had come early and had absolutely run the last quarter of a mile on hearing a clock strike. I thought they were the last strokes of ten striking, but it was only the third quarter past nine.

Crafter was punctual—not a minute before or a minute after. As it seemed to me, with *malice prepense*, he took the seat immediately opposite to me, so that when we bent our heads over the table his hated spectacles almost grazed my nose.

There were about thirty other men in the room, but I was too perturbed to mark their countenances. I only saw a mist of seated figures with interstices of green baize, soon varied with fluttering sheets of white paper. Still Blucher had not made his appearance. What if he should be ill? So quickly do our thoughts pose themselves in attitudes to be taken under sudden contingencies, I found myself conjecturing whether, in that case, Crafter and myself would be examined now, or whether the trial would be postponed till Blucher's recovery.

The first paper was arithmetic (not separate addition), and I had just come to the conclusion that I could not do one of the sums when Blucher sauntered in quietly and took his seat by my side.

For about five minutes I sucked my pen in despair, trying to recollect my "tables," when, seeing the Examiner turn away, I asked Blucher in a low voice,

"How many gallons to a firkin?"

"Nine," said Blucher.

"What was that you said?" cried the Examiner, suddenly coming up to where I was sitting.

"I said," I faltered, turning very red, "that it was a very fine day."

"That would have scarcely called for a reply," said the Examiner, sternly. "What did you say, Sir?" He addressed Blucher, and my heart stopped.

"I remarked, in reply, that the day was very fine," replied Blucher, coolly, and my heart went on again, as if determined to make up for lost time.

"Oh!" said the Examiner; "then perhaps you will keep all remarks, whether about the weather or other subjects, until you have left this room. No whispering is allowed."

I looked across the table, and beheld to my horror that Crafter was already far advanced in his fifth sum; but knowing now how many gallons went to a firkin I made shift to do the first sum, and, once begun, I went on slowly, until my presence of mind was utterly shattered by a youth at the other end of the room rising and asking some question of the Examiner. It was answered in a moment, and all heads bent to work again seemingly little discomposed; but to me the interruption was ruin—it was like having to begin again. When the three hours were up I had only done twelve sums out of twenty-five, and most of them I felt assured were done wrongly.

Blucher had been watching me, and the moment the papers were given up he seized me by the arm and bore me off unresisting.

"This will never do," he said, "that beast Crafter will beat us if you don't have a little more pluck."

"It's no use now," I said. "I don't care what happens. I am done for. You and Crafter are safe."

"Nonsense! Your sums, what you did, are all right, or mine are all wrong. Our results are the same. Come and have a good lunch."

I had not eaten much for days; but he made me eat a prodigious meal and drink some brandy-and-water, and I felt as brave as a lion when we went back.

"Now, we'll do for Crafter, I think," he said, as we reached the door; "but don't speak a word to me, for goodness sake! And if the separate addition comes, mind, do this—Divide the tall columns into three separate sums, and add the results together. You can't lose your head then."

To Blucher I owe that I did not fail in those dreaded additions,

By adopting his method of division—taking the ladders in short flights, with landings, as it were—I managed to do them all in the given time; and so encouraged was I by my success—and the lunch, that I scarcely felt my heart beat quicker when Crafter delivered up his paper half an hour before the necessary time. And this was the more extraordinary, when the note at the bottom of the paper is taken into consideration; for it was therein distinctly asserted that the time taken would be noted, and marks given for *rapidity* as well as for *correctness*.

Still, I think I should have been lost but for the almost paternal care of Blucher. He encouraged me by declaring that the battle was half won. Crafter might have beaten us, perhaps, that day; but we had done fairly, and on his (Crafter's) ground. For the next two days we were to fight on our own; and in geography, French, and English he assured me again and again that Crafter could not hold a candle to us.

The next day I did well, finished my papers, and showed them up long before Crafter, who, at the end, had not done as much as I had. On the third I became quite confident, and actually looked about the room before I settled to the French translation; surveyed my blotting-pad, where I was amused to find scribbles of former candidates, chiefly consisting of words spelt in various ways, to see how they looked. The word "Mediterranean" was spelt in various fashions—with two "a's," two "t's," one "r"—every way but the right. In one corner was written an epigram, evidently by a man puzzled with the separate additions:—

They roared out four and four make eight,
Till nought could make me madder;
So I stopped my ears, to simulate
The scriptural deaf "ahler."

We had some ten days to wait before we knew the result; and in that time I suffered agonies of suspense untold. Blucher, however, was calm, as usual, convinced that we had beaten Crafter (by-the-by, he never seemed to imagine the possibility of our being separated in success or defeat; it was always "we." "We had beaten Crafter," or "Crafter had beaten us." I believe it would have been a new idea to him, and irreconcilable, if he had found himself victorious *with* Crafter). "If Crafter had beaten us," he would say, "Crafter was a better man than he took him for, and deserved all he could get."

We beat Crafter; and Crafter's failure was the most curious part of the affair. The dragon at figures—the numerical ogre who took twenty figures at a gulp—had failed—signally failed—in separate addition! The foot-note had proved his ruin. Too confident of his peculiar powers, and ambitious to gain marks for rapidity as well as for correctness, he had disdained to prove his results, and the results had been wrong.

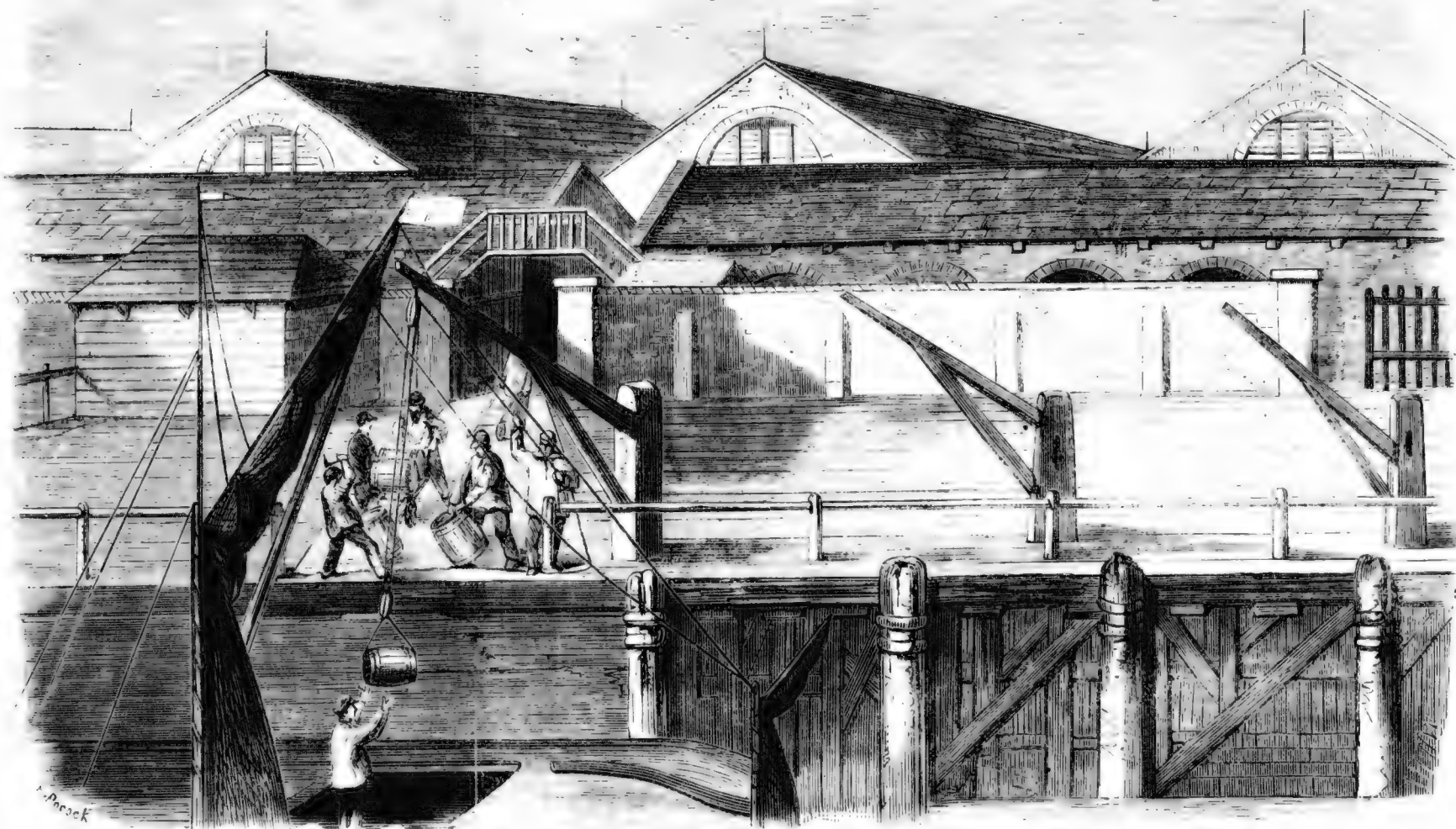
W. C. M.

INSPECTION BY THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE OF THE PORTSMOUTH GARRISON.

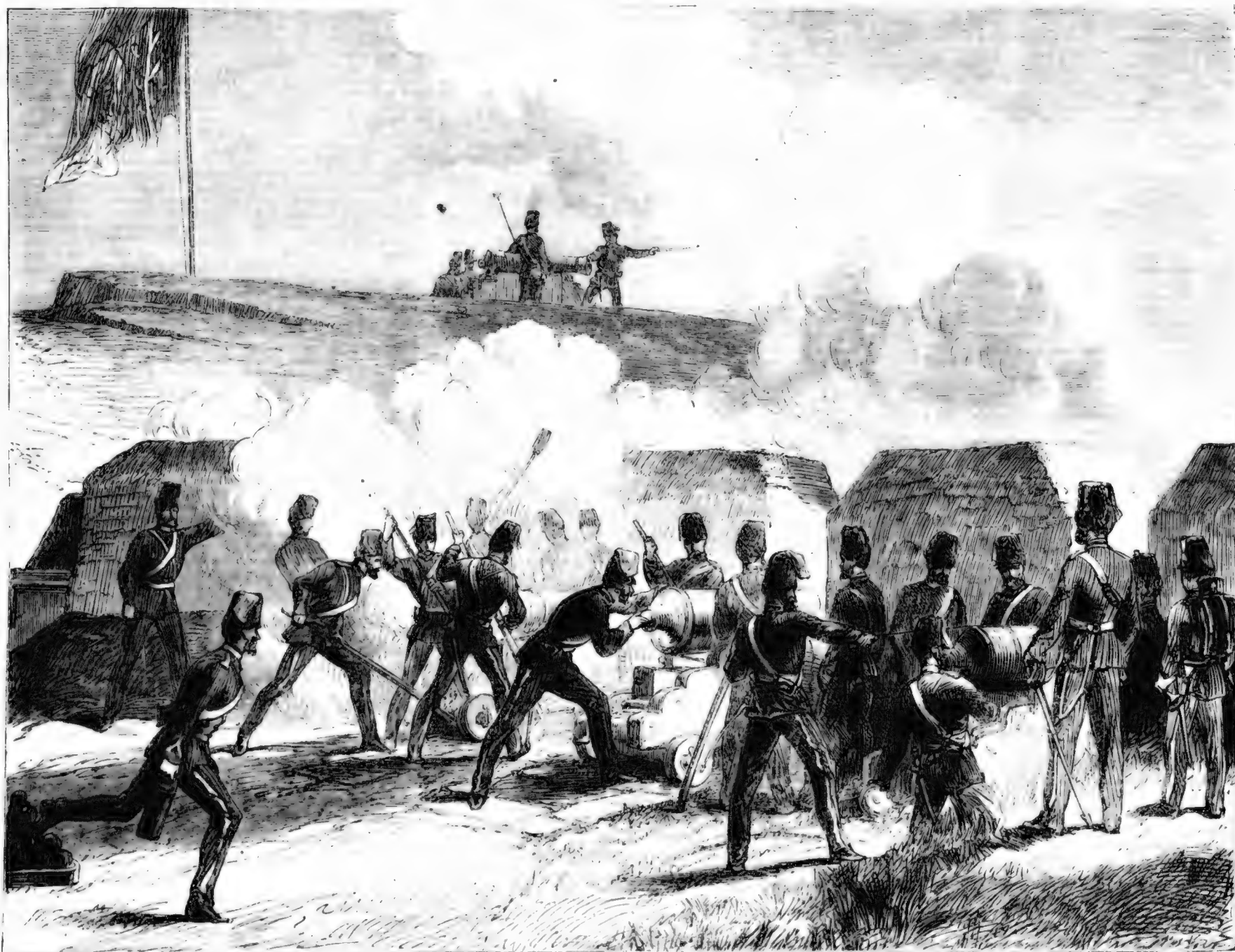
OUR Engravings represent the proceedings which followed the recent visit of the Duke of Cambridge to Portsmouth on the occasion of the annual inspection of the garrison, which is shared by other military stations in different parts of the country. This year the operations at Portsmouth were of an exceptionally interesting character; and his Royal Highness was accompanied by Lieutenant-General Sir R. Airey, Quartermaster-General; Colonel Clifton, Aide-de-Camp to the Duke; Colonel Gambier, R.A., Deputy-Adjutant-General of Artillery, and other officers. The visit commenced by the Duke riding out to Southsea-common to witness some combined military and naval manoeuvres, carried out under the superintendence of Major-General Lord William Paulet. The supposed state of affairs was that an army had effected a landing on the adjacent coastline, had taken an important position, and threatened the town from that direction. It was, therefore, necessary for the garrison to make some effort to regain the position occupied by the enemy. The sixth and seventh brigades of Royal Artillery, the 21st (Fusiliers), 26th (Cameronians), and 64th Regiments, were paraded in the Governor's-green, and represented the main body, under Lord Paulet; while a second body of the beleaguered garrison, consisting of the Royal Marines and the 6th Regiment, were brigaded in the Colworth Barrack parade. Outside the walls, as a reconnoitring and advanced force, the Royal Marine Artillery and the field batteries of the artillery had taken up position under cover of Southsea. Southsea Castle was occupied by the 87th Regiment and the third company of Royal Engineers, representing the enemy, under Colonel Murray, of the 87th. The enemy threw out a strong line of infantry in skirmishing order on Southsea-common, in the direction of Portsmouth, and for some time the garrison gave no sign of their knowledge of their proximity. Shortly afterwards, however, the guns of the ramparts opened on Southsea Castle and the advanced line of the enemy, the castle immediately responding. This was followed by the appearance of a gun-boat flotilla, and large columns of infantry debouching on Southsea-common from the south. The enemy contested every inch of the ground; but Lord Paulet, with a battery of field artillery, drove them back, and pushed forward his troops as rapidly as possible, under cover of the guns of the town works. The gun-boats also closed on the castle. At this moment the heads of two columns were seen emerging from the houses of Southsea, and, after forming up under cover of some low walls, they opened a sharp fire on the enemy's right flank. The surprise caused by this flank-movement completely discomfited the enemy, who was now encircled by a line of fire, and, after a few more rounds from his heavy guns, he hauled down his flag from the staff on the keep of the work, and Portsmouth was saved. At the conclusion the whole of the troops engaged "marched past" the Duke in grand division, the marching being excellent. The field batteries of artillery afterwards went by "at the double," and, the whole of the troops having formed in line of contiguous columns—with Major-General Lord W. Paulet and his staff and officers, with the colours, at the front—advanced in slow time, halted, and lowered the different colours in a Royal salute, which closed the proceedings. The Duke afterwards rode out along the line of seabach between Southsea Castle and Fort Cumberland, cursorily inspecting as he went along the new forts at Lumps and Eastney. The length of this line of beach is about 4500 yards. On the return of his Royal Highness to Portsmouth he alighted at the Government House, where he became the guest of Lord W. Paulet during his stay in the garrison.

THE IMPERIAL RESIDENCE AT NICE.

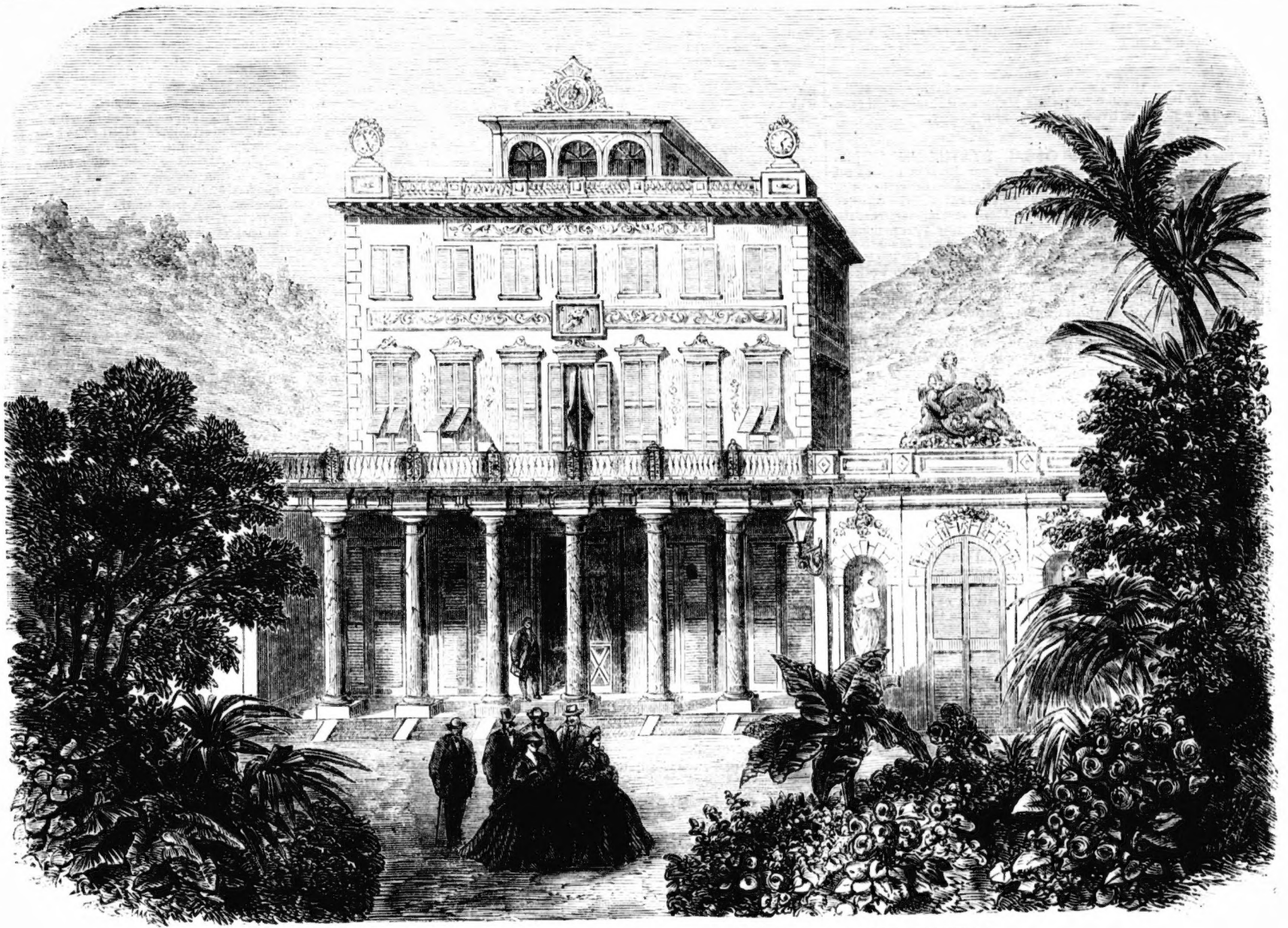
THE Emperor of Russia having visited Schwalbach during the stay of the Empress of the French, the French Emperor naturally considers it due to politeness to pay his respects to the Czarina during the stay of the Russian Imperial visitors at Nice. This view of the case is insisted on by the Ministerial journals, and all political motives are denied; so, the arrangements having been concluded with no little trouble, it is admitted, of course, that his Majesty of France visits the Czarina, at the same time so contriving his journey as for his presence to coincide with that of the Czar. Still the public cannot quite forget all that has been said by France on behalf of Poland, and what freedom has been allowed to Polish exiles in Paris, to the horror and fury of the Russian Embassy; so it is still supposed that this visit may be an event of European importance. Whether this is really on the cards, or whether the Czar may agree to help his "brother" in forming a European congress, who can tell, if they themselves are silent? All that is known at present is that the Imperial party is lodged at the Villa Peillon, represented in our Engraving, and that the strictest guard has been set over the Emperor everywhere throughout his journey. Above all, no exiles were allowed to approach the Imperial party. At Nice, well-known Russians were admitted into the station, but the Polish element was carefully excluded. Not only divinity, but police doth hedge a King when he has had such a little national difficulty as that just got over in Russia. The Empress is very delicate, and was obliged to be carried from the station to her hotel; so that Count Bacciochi,



THE GOVERNMENT POWDER-MAGAZINES AT PURFLEET: LOADING A POWDER-BARGE AT THE QUAY.



INSPECTION OF TROOPS AT PORTSMOUTH: THE ROYAL ARTILLERY COVERING THE ADVANCE FROM PORTSMOUTH LINES.



THE VILLA PEILLON, AT NICE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.



ANTIQUE GILT BRONZE STATUE OF HERCULES RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT ROME.

one of the French Imperial chamberlains, has offered his villa at Ajaccio to the Czarina in case the climate of Corsica should be deemed better for her than that of Nice.

It is said that the King and Queen of Württemberg are also amongst the distinguished visitors who are about to spend the winter at this Continental Hastings, and that their Majesties will take with them a guard of honour and live in state during their stay.

DISCOVERY OF A COLOSSAL STATUE IN ROME.

For some weeks past there has been considerable excitement amongst the savans and connoisseurs in Rome in consequence of the discovery of a colossal bronze statue in the court of the Biscione Palace, close to the Piazza Campo dei Fiori, and not far from the Farnese Palace. The Biscione Palace had recently been purchased for a mere trifle by M. Righetti, formerly Secretary of State to the Minister Rossi. Extensive repairs were indispensable for the building was in a most rickety state; and, on setting people to work to dig for a foundation, they came upon a pavement composed of large slabs of that marble called "Porta Santa," which is a dull, veined marble of a reddish hue, which comes from the island of Iasus, in the Archipelago, and is properly called "Marmor Jasseuse;" it is, however, better known by its modern name, which it derives from its forming the jambs of the jubilee door at St. Peter's. This pavement was found 30 ft. below the present level of this part of Rome; and here, likewise, they came upon a massive wall, near which they found a piece of building somewhat resembling a Noah's Ark without the boat; the sides were of brick, and the roof was formed of large blocks of travertine resting upon these walls, and uniting with bevelled edges at the top ("rigging," as they call it in Scotland). There were two gable ends, each formed of one huge block of travertine; on several of the blocks are seen, large and well cut, the letters F C S, which as yet archaeologists cannot explain.

In prosecuting their researches, the workmen first came upon a thumb, which evidently belonged to a colossal hand, and intelligence was immediately conveyed to M. Righetti, who, having taken every precaution to instruct the workmen how to proceed, was soon successful in clearing away the earth and revealing the bust of a statue of gilt bronze. The figure is nude, and the whole statue will measure some thirteen feet in height. The feet have been cut off, but are in perfect condition, having been placed between the legs of the statue for preservation. The bronze of which it is composed is of very beautiful quality, and the work, by the manner of its execution, is supposed to be Grecian, and to represent either Titus or Domitian in the character of Hercules. It was at first believed to be a statue of Pompey, the excavations having been made upon the same site as that where the theatre of the Pharsalian Victory was erected; but the complete absence of drapery and the precise spot in which the statue has been discovered (a little temple of Venus Victrix in the centre of the theatre) both indicate an Emperor of the decadence deified by his own caprice or that, still more extravagant, of the Roman people. From the position of the statue (lying as though it had been placed in a tomb) it is supposed that it was hidden, during some of the final struggles of the Empire, from the hands of the barbarians; and already a large number of authorities on art-historical questions have visited it.

In art, this statue equals the finest that ever Greece produced, and the careful manner in which it has been hidden and the means taken to protect it argue that its value was known and appreciated. It is far superior to that found in the Forum Boarium, which is also gilt bronze, and is now in the Capitol. The actual value of the bronze is calculated at 3000 scudi, and the gold coating or gilding at 1000 scudi more; but it is reported that the Government, which reserved to itself, when selling the Palazzo Pio to Signor Righetti, the right of purchase, at an equitable rate of all treasure-trove, will secure it at 100,000 scudi, about £21,000 of our money, for the Museo Vaticano. It is believed that it will be placed in the centre of the octagonal Belvedere Court, over which a glass roof is to be raised for the purpose, and communications through openings in the walls will be made with the four cabinets which contain the Laocoon, the Apollo, the Mercury, and Canova's Perseus; so that all these grand masterpieces of art will be visible from the base of the statue of Hercules.

THE OPERA.

The performances at the Royal English Opera have continued, since our last publication, to alternate between "Masaniello" and "Martha." Of the highly creditable style in which "Masaniello" is played we have already spoken. Some of the pieces are "cut" because it is the fashion at the Royal Italian Opera to "cut" them, and because Mr. Costa knows so much better than poor Auber, the composer of the work, what the form of the pieces ought really to be. Mr. Costa does what he likes with Rossini's music (the finale to "William Tell" for instance), and it is not very likely that he will stand on ceremony with Auber's. But putting the question of mutilation on one side, we have nothing to say against the manner in which "Masaniello" is represented at the Royal English Opera. Mr. Weiss is a trifle heavy in the baritone part, but Mr. Adams has achieved a decided success in the part of the hero, and Mdme. Parepa sings the music of Elvira to perfection.

In "Martha" the part of the heroine is assigned to Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington; that of the heroine's lover (he is not quite interesting enough to be called a hero) by Mr. Henry Haigh. The other parts are sustained by Mdme. Fanny Huddart, and by Messrs. Cook, Corri, and Dussek.

In speaking of nationality in music last week, or the week before, we did not do full justice to the wonderfully cosmopolitan character of "Martha," which, written in no particular style to a German libretto by a Russian composer, is founded on a French subject, and depends for much of its success on an Irish air introduced in order to give local colour to a drama of which the scene is laid in England. The subject of the piece, however, is, as we have said, French. It is founded, as every one knows, on the ballet called "Lady Henriette, ou la foire de Greenwich," otherwise "Lady Henriette ou la foire de Richmond" (Richmond and Greenwich being convertible places both for English dining and for French dramatic purposes), otherwise, "Lady Henriette, or the Statute Fair;" and the ballet in question is founded, as every one does not know, on the vaudeville of "La Comtesse d'Egmont," which is again founded on a ballet of the year 1617, represented at the Court of Louis XIII. under the title of "Ballet des Chambrières à louer." M. Flotow seems exceedingly fond of this subject, for he has been occupied with it now, off and on, for something like twenty years. He wrote the music of "Lady Henriette" (the ballet) when it was first produced in Paris at the beginning of 1844. Then he went to work on his German libretto, and composed "Martha." Then, when "Martha" had been translated into Italian, and was about to be brought out at the Italian Theatre of Paris, he added an air for Mdme. Nantier-Didié (Nancy), and another for Graziani (Lionel)—neither of them very remarkable achievements. We are not quite sure that he did not again touch the music up when the Italian version of "Martha" was produced by Mr. Gye at Covent Garden.

Flotow has lived upon the story of "Martha" like a silkworm on a mulberry leaf. He has thrived upon it, and it has enabled him to spin altogether, since the year 1844, a considerable amount of music, which, if not of the very finest quality, is still of a kind for which there is always a demand in the principal European markets. With the exception, however, of Plunkett's additional air (which is shamefully lugubrious), the music of "Martha" is always lively; it is never vulgar, and here and there it is really graceful. A French music-publisher, who had failed to secure the copyright of the work, described it as "a polka in three acts;" but when we remember the charming and quite unpretending quartet for the principal voices, and the air for the tenor, so full of sentiment until it ends in a burst of genuine passion, we feel by no means inclined to hear "Martha" sneered at. The soprano part was good enough for poor Bosio, and now for Adelina Patti, to sing; and the tenor part is a favourite one with Mario. The opera,

then, is quite good enough for the public (indeed, too good for a large portion of it); and, altogether, it is a very fortunate thing for Flotow that some one in the reign of Louis XIII. wrote the ballet of "Chambermaids to be Hired," and that this ballet was imitated 200 years afterwards by the author of "La Comtesse d'Egmont," which was again imitated by MM. Saint-Georges and Mazilier, the authors of "Lady Henriette."

The majority of our contemporaries are still rather shocked at the English Opera Company having commenced proceedings with a couple of foreign operas. Some writers speak of the matter indignantly and wrathfully, as though the directors of the English Opera Company had been about to found a new religion and had suddenly apostatised from their proclaimed and regularly advertised faith. We have looked at the prospectus issued by the directors and cannot find that they have, hitherto, in any way departed from their promises. It is expressly stated that translations of foreign operas are to be brought out. Otherwise, indeed, we cannot understand a sensible man taking shares in the company at all. With the exception of Italy, no country has yet been able to maintain a thoroughly and exclusively national opera. Italians have at all times written for the German stage; or, at least, translations of their works have been produced in Germany. Meyerbeer, too, wrote "Il Crociato" for Italy; and the Italians have even listened to "The Huguenots" during the last dozen years, though we believe the version offered to them is terribly cut down from the original.

As for France, was not Lulli, the Italian scullion, the first composer of reputation who wrote French operas? Were not Glück, the German (or rather the Bohemian—for that he was German by race is by no means clear), and Piccini, the Italian, the two greatest musicians who wrote for the French opera during the eighteenth century? Since the days of Glück and Piccini we find among the supporters of the French opera the names of Sacchini, Grétry, Salieri, Vogel, Cherubini, Gresnick, Martini, Mozart, Haydn, Winter, Paisiello, Blangini, Spontini, Rossini, Weber, Niedermeyer, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Verdi, Limnander, Flotow, Balfe, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. Some of these composers wrote specially for the "Académie;" the works of the others were adapted to its stage, just as "La Muette de Portici" (or "Masaniello") "Martha," and a hundred other works, have been adapted to the stage in England.

The great chance for our English composers lies in the fact that there are scarcely any composers much superior to them abroad. Very few of Verdi's works would be effective in an English dress and in the hands of English singers; and Gounod, the only other European composer of the day, has not written more than half a dozen operas altogether, of which one is already well known, while at least two of the others are not likely even to be introduced into this country. On the other hand, England has never had so many able composers as in the present day, and for that reason, and as a mere matter of calculation, the directors of the Opera Company would do well to depend chiefly on their productions.

GREAT STORM IN THE NORTH.

SCOTLAND.

DURING the latter part of last week a storm gathered in the north, and its violence, when at its height, was so great that it has been described as one of the most severe hurricanes that have visited the north of Scotland for many years. At Wick much damage has been done to the works at the harbour. The works, which have been carried on almost without interruption for the past twelve months, have been suddenly brought to a standstill by the complete demolition, in the course of a few hours, of the ponderous wooden staging, constructed of heavy logs strongly bound together by iron clasps and secured by chains and anchors. It had been carried seawards about 400 ft.; it was some 40 ft. or 50 ft. wide, and had three or four lines of rails laid on its surface for the locomotive and waggons to run along with the stones necessary for the construction of the breakwater. The work was so strongly fastened and bound together that the contractors and resident engineer had no fear of its ever giving way, although those acquainted with Wick Bay had grave doubts as to its being able to withstand the fury of the winter storms on this exposed coast. These fears have been fully realised; for in the course of a few hours about 300 ft. of the work was carried away and strewn along the beach in broken fragments. In order to give some idea of the force of the waves, it may be mentioned that many of the huge logs, 2½ ft. on the side and some 60 ft. long, were snapped in pieces, and the rails and heavy iron bolts were bent and twisted as if they had been pieces of wire. Many hundreds of tons of stone, too, have been displaced by the force of the storm and carried up to the beach, several hundred yards distant.

Of losses at sea many cases are reported. Early on Thursday morning week a boat belonging to Portessie, named the Laurel, was driven ashore at Whitehills. She is said to have been manned by a crew of nine men, six of them brothers, and all must have perished, for the boat was cast ashore empty. At Burghhead two boats, belonging to Buckie, were driven on the sands—the first about six in the morning, the other about midday. The fishermen in the boats were so exhausted and benumbed with the cold that they could make no exertion to save themselves, and the brave fishermen of the Broch joined hand-in-hand, and waded into the sea until the waves were breaking over their heads. In this way they reached the boats and saved their struggling brothers. Three of the rescuers were so much exhausted that they had to be borne home, or carried to the nearest dwelling. In the forenoon, just as the other boats were being saved from destruction, a boat was seen about a mile to the west, now rising and now going under the boiling sea, till all at once a tremendous wave was seen to break over the ill-fated boat, and she went down with the whole of her unfortunate crew. The name of the boat is unknown, and also the number of hands, but it is supposed she belonged to Buckie. At Buckie, at one o'clock on Thursday afternoon, fifteen boats were missing. The alarm of the relatives of the missing seamen was increased tenfold in consequence of some boats' helms and kites being washed ashore to the eastward, indicating disaster. Report in Lossiemouth had it that a vessel belonging to Hamburg, laden with herrings from Lybster, was wrecked near Garmouth, but that all hands were saved. At Cullen the gale was felt very severely. The Portknockie boats were overtaken by it at the haddock-fishing, but they all made the harbour with the exception of two. One of these was dashed upon a rock and drawn out to sea again; but the crew succeeded in steering her to Craigenroan, a natural creek some miles to the west, which has saved many a boat's crew from a watery grave. The other is still missing. A vessel went ashore on the rocks in St. Andrew's Bay, Fifeshire, at a place where it was impossible to launch the life-boat, and though every effort was made to throw a line on board by means of rockets, every attempt failed, the ship sank, and the whole of the unfortunate crew perished.

On some parts of the coast the wind between Buckie and Banff the wind was unroofing farm steadings, blowing down stacks, breaking and uprooting trees. A sloop, supposed to belong to Kirkwall, was seen east of Burghhead, evidently making for the shore. From the time the vessel bore in sight she evidently was struggling desperately with the heavy sea. There were only three hands on board, and they seemed to cling with desperation to the rigging, to which, apparently, they had lashed themselves, else the waves, as they broke over the mast, would have most unquestionably washed them off. It was a heartrending sight to see the poor fellows on the top of the sails tossing first on one side and then to the other, and at every moment likely to be engulfed by the waves. At one time it was thought that nothing could save them, but, fortunately, at a point not far from the shore, she gave a tremendous lurch, which carried her over a sharp rock, and she landed on the sand at the only spot on the shore where it was possible she could do so with safety between Burghhead and Lossiemouth. Here again the fishermen of Burghhead came to the rescue, and with commendable courage succeeded in reaching the sloop and bringing the hands on shore.

The gale, though less violent on Saturday, increased in strength

on Sunday, and caused much alarm in various parts of the country. There were about thirty or forty vessels in the Firth of Forth on Saturday morning. At Granton, between Saturday night and Monday morning, five vessels which had slipped anchors drifted ashore and were wrecked on the beach. The first was a Danish schooner, the Victoria, in ballast, which, being swept past the harbour mouth in the effort to enter, was driven ashore outside the western harbour wall and stranded. One of the crew, in attempting to leap ashore from the bowsprit, was drowned. The rest, seven in number, safely landed. About the same time a Dutch galliot, named the Dorothea, with a like destination, was washed ashore at the corresponding outside angle of the eastern breakwater, and the crew, four in number, with part of the stores, were saved. The Eliza Hall, of Whitby, from Sweden to London, with timber, drifted upon the east breakwater, after having for an hour or two shown signals of distress. The crew were rescued. The Johanna Margareta, a Norwegian brig, bound from Dundee for Longsund, went ashore near the battery to the west of the harbour. The crew were saved, but the vessel became a complete wreck. The Bogamilla, from Shields, with coals for Dantzic, went ashore still further west, and sunk, the crew escaping by the boat. At Thorntonlock, six miles east of Dunbar, a Danish vessel was seen in distress. A foot messenger conveyed the tidings to the coastguard station, but the men with the necessary apparatus did not arrive till about twenty minutes after the ship had broken up, and only one man out of five was saved.

In Edinburgh the storm was felt in all its violence, doing great damage to chimney-stacks, temporary buildings, trees, &c. A man named Robert McNeill was blown down and killed on the spot, his forehead having struck the ground so violently as to produce concussion of the brain. The roof of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Chapel, Broughton-street, was much damaged by the falling of a large stone cross that had crowned it. The Water of Leith, which, during the past summer, has had scarcely enough water in its channel to indicate in which direction it was flowing, has come down in flood, and brought with it the usual wreck of branches and roots of trees and broken timber. The River Almond was greatly swollen, and carried away the central arch of the railway bridge and so damaged the others that they must be rebuilt.

THE ENGLISH COAST.

The gale burst upon the Northumberland coast from E.S.E. about three o'clock on Friday afternoon week and continued with unabated fury until about six o'clock on Saturday evening, when it lulled. The sea was extremely heavy, but fortunately no harm was done to the pier works. A considerable fleet of laden vessels sailing from the Tyne returned; and several ships which had put out of Sunderland and Hartlepool sought shelter in Shields Harbour. Rain had fallen in torrents during forty-eight hours, and the Northumberland rivers were much swollen.

Several laden ships ran back to the Tyne on Sunday for shelter. On Sunday forenoon a laden brig, the Elbe, was taking the harbour without a steam-boat to assist her, but she got too far to the south of the harbour and stranded upon the Herd Sand. As soon as she touched the ground she lost her rudder, and her topmast went by the side. As the ship was in broken water her crew were in some peril, but the North and South Shields life-boats put out to their assistance and brought them all in safety to the shore. Because of the danger threatening all ships in the neighbourhood, both the Shields life-boats were manned and pulled out into the sea, and, as far as their crews could, they warned ships, and thus prevented four or five vessels from getting on to the sands or rocks. As a schooner, the John Slater, of Barrow, port of Lancaster, was sailing into the harbour, she drifted and struck on a dangerous reef under the Spanish Battery. The two Shields life-boats immediately made to the assistance of the crew; and the Tynemouth boat, the Constance, was got out after some delay, and was pulled to the ship also; but, from the position in which the stranded ship was lying, it was impossible for them to get alongside without staying in the boats' bottoms upon the rocks. The coastguard officers thereupon brought the rockets down to the rocks and fired two lines over the vessel, but the crew were unable to make any use of them. Under these circumstances, some Tyne boatmen undertook to perform an act of heroism. They carried a small pleasure-boat named the California over the rocks to the Spanish Battery, and, having launched her among the breakers, Edward Fry, William Fry, his son; James Fry, his nephew; William Fergusson, and Edward Tavaner manned her and pulled her out to the shipwrecked crew. They got alongside the ship in safety, and took five of the hands and a little boy seven years of age, a son of the master, off the ship, and landed them. The boatmen then went off a second time to the ship for the master and mate, but they declined to leave the vessel at that time. The weather, however, began to get worse, and the sea more violent, and the three Frys again pulled off a third time, and persuaded the master and mate to come ashore lest the vessel should break up, and they got them into the boat. But the sea had increased so much by this time that they durst not attempt to land at Tynemouth lest the boat should be swamped, and they pulled, with the two men, to the Low Lights, in Shield Harbour, where they landed them in safety. The conduct of the Frys in risking their lives in a small boat in their successful and persistent attempts to save the ship's crew, after all other means had failed, is beyond all praise. The Mayor of Tynemouth and other influential gentlemen are making a subscription for them.

During the afternoon of the 20th the brigantine Highland Mary was driven on the Barnard-wharf Sands, Fleetwood. The life-boat of the National Institution stationed at that port was at once launched to her assistance, and fortunately brought safely on shore the brigantine's crew of five men. She was bound from Ardrossan to Fleetwood, with a cargo of pig iron. A smack, coal-laden, was, on the same day, driven on a sandbank off Southport and sunk. The National Institution's life-boat was speedily manned and launched, and succeeded in rescuing the crew of three men. The smack was the Liver, of Carnarvon, and was 30 tons register. The Southport life-boat was the gift to the institution of James Knowles, Esq., of Eagley Bank; and since she has been on this station she has rescued the following shipwrecked crews:—Barque St. Lawrence, of Liverpool, 14 men saved; sloop Hope, of Dublin, 3; barque Tamworth, of Skein, Norway, 17; ship David White Chuton, of New York, 8; and the crew of the above-mentioned smack, 3: total, 45 men saved.

DEATH OF LORD SOMERVILLE.—Vice-Admiral Lord Somerville expired last week at Newbold Comyn, Leamington, where he had resided for many years. He was the seventeenth Baron Somerville in the Peerage of Scotland. The peerage, to which the deceased succeeded in 1842, was created in 1430. His Lordship was a Vice-Admiral of the Royal Navy, the date of his commission being May 20, 1862; but he retired from active service when holding the rank of Captain. He married, in September, 1833, the only daughter of Mr. John Hayman, by whom he leaves issue two sons and five daughters, and is succeeded in the title by his eldest son Hugh, born on Oct. 11, 1839. His Lordship had attained the age of seventy-seven, and had for a considerable time been in a critical state of health.

BRIGANDAGE IN THE ROMAN TERRITORIES.—A brigadier and soldier of the French gendarmerie were recently returning from Castro to Ceperano. On arriving at a certain point they were met by three armed men, two of whom were the celebrated brigand chiefs Guerra and Cedrone. Instead of flying, they advanced confidently, mistaking the French for Pontifical guards. To all questions they replied readily, and gradually were deprived of their arms, when two were arrested and bound, the third getting off. Guerra, it is added, offered 200 scudi to be released, which were refused, and captors and captives continued their march until, arriving near a bridge called Sacratino, they were encountered by the band of Capasso, which had been brought up promptly by the third man, who had fled. To Capasso's order to release the brigands a refusal was given, when a volley of shots laid one of the gendarmes on the ground, and the other, on flying, was killed by a second volley. Not content with this, the brigands pierced the bodies with their daggers, broke their heads with the butt ends of their muskets, cut off their ears, and mutilated them. Such is the report of one who resides near the spot, and it is far from incredible when we call to mind the well-authenticated brutalities which have been perpetrated during the last four years by the babes of the Church, the defenders of Divine right. The French military authorities were soon on the alert. A strong detachment was sent to the scene of action, and in a few hours twelve prisoners were captured and taken to Rome.

LAW AND CRIME.

AN adjourned inquest upon the body of George King, the gas-meter man, who died in Westminster Hospital shortly after his removal thither from King-street Police Station, was held on Friday week. The circumstances of the case have already been placed before our readers, but may bear a brief recapitulation, as the matter is one of peculiar interest. The deceased man, from the effects of inhalation of gas, or from intoxication, or what is yet more probable, from the effect of a small quantity of liquor upon a brain chronically or temporarily enfeebled by his vocation, fell down in a fit in the Green Park. He was removed thence to St. George's Hospital, where he was treated as for drunkenness. His friends found him afterwards at King-street Police Station, terribly knocked about, blind, paralysed, and scarcely able to stand. He was at once taken to Westminster Hospital, where he died five days afterwards. On Friday week a witness came forward and testified that he had seen the deceased fall in the park, at first upon his side, and secondly, upon the back of his head, and that upon the second fall he became insensible. This might have gone far to account for the death but for the medical evidence. The house-surgeon and physician of St. George's Hospital both depose that they minutely examined the patient's head, and that they found no bruises thereon, although it is admitted that there might have been a fissure in his skull without any external symptom. It is remarkable that the man was bald to the crown of his head. But he was kept two hours at St. George's, and while there he began to recover. When he was taken to Westminster Hospital, immediately upon his removal from the police station, he had symptoms of concussion of the brain; and when reaction (or recovery) began to set up, a large vessel of the brain burst, and he ultimately died from compression. Mr. Hawken, the house-surgeon of Westminster Hospital, put this point very strongly. He said that, had the fissure existed when the deceased was at St. George's, then the rupture of the vessel would have taken place with the reaction there. As it was, as the man partially recovered at St. George's before his removal, and compression only set in while he was at Westminster, the injury must have been inflicted after his removal. No less than fourteen bruises ("lumps as large as walnuts") were found on his skull, besides bruises upon his body. It is most curious that, according to the evidence of the police, the deceased was set at large from the station apparently uninjured; while it is proved beyond dispute that at the time of his release a scene occurred at the station, one of his friends openly declaring his suspicions of foul play, while the wife plainly charged the police with having murdered her husband, who was led away unable to speak, stand, or see, and scarcely able to crawl without aid. The inquest was again adjourned.

One Eugene Albert, a middle-aged Belgian, has discovered a most ingenious mode of getting into trouble. His system may be thus condensed into a recipe. Procure a foot of steel wire (as used for ladies' crinolines) and a pot of birdlime. Go to church and stand near a poor-box. Smear the steel with the birdlime and dip it into the box, when the coins within will adhere to the metal and may be readily abstracted. Put them singly into your pocket and continue the operation. Very shortly the beadle or pew-opener will appear and will give you into custody. You will then be taken before a magistrate, and will stand a chance of being sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. The process is novel, but unprofitable.

One Isaac Morris, got up to represent a respectable portly grazier, was charged at the Central Criminal Court with having sent to Aldgate Market 300lb. of beef in a diseased state. The meat in question consisted of four quarters of a cow. The animal had been bought by the prisoner for 10s. Quarts of a poisonous fluid (pus) flowed out upon the cutting open of one of the quarters by a police officer. The prisoner pleaded guilty, and certain correspondence as to his antecedents and reputation was received in evidence against him. From this it appeared that he had been last year convicted and fined at Birmingham for a similar offence. Immediately before Morris's appearance, one Fisher, who had acted as his salesman, was convicted of having disposed of the same lot of diseased meat. Mr. Commissioner Kerr sentenced him to six months' imprisonment, and also to a fine of £50, with further imprisonment until payment. His counsel urged that this would be equivalent to a perpetual term of imprisonment, as prisoner was a poor man and had no means of raising the fine. To which the learned Commissioner replied, "Let it be so, any remission of the fine will lie with the Home Office." Morris, as the principal offender, was sentenced to an imprisonment for twelve calendar months, and to a fine of £50.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

THE TRIAL OF MULLER.

Franz Müller, tailor, indicted for the murder of Mr. Briggs, was called on Thursday to plead before the Central Criminal Court. The Lord Chief Baron (Sir F. Pollock) and Mr. Baron Martin presided.

The counsel for the Crown were the Solicitor-General (Sir R. P. Collier), Serjeant Ballantine, Mr. Henna (counsel to the Treasury), Mr. Giffard, and Mr. Bensley, and instructed by Mr. Greenwood, Q.C., solicitor to the Treasury, and Mr. Pollard, assistant solicitor. The counsel for the defence were Serjeant Parry, Mr. Metcalfe, and Mr. Besley, instructed by Mr. T. Beard.

The prisoner elected to be tried by an English jury. The Solicitor-General rose to address the jury on behalf of the Crown. He said it was his duty to state to them the circumstances of a most extraordinary murder, and the evidence pointing to the conclusion that the prisoner was the person by whom that murder was committed. The circumstances of the case had created the greatest possible amount of public interest, and the facts had been canvassed in almost every house in the kingdom, and opinions had been expressed as to the prisoner's guilt; but he entreated them to dismiss all they had heard or read from their minds, and be guided only by the evidence. Mr. Briggs was one of the chief clerks in the banking house of Messrs. Roberts, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. He was in the habit of travelling to and fro on the North London Railway. On the night of Saturday, the 9th of July, Mr. Briggs dined with one of his relations, a Mr. Buchanan, residing at Peckham. Mr. Buchanan went with him to meet the omnibus which was to take him to the Fenchurch-street station, and at that time Mr. Briggs had with him a black leather bag and a stick, and was wearing a watch and chain. There would be very little doubt that on that night on his journey from the Fenchurch-street station Mr. Briggs was robbed and murdered. It appeared that at the Hackney station two young men were about to get into a carriage at about ten o'clock, when one of them discovered something moist on

one of the cushions, and upon examining it more closely found it was blood; and he also found a black bag and a stick. Information was given to the guard, who locked the door, and no one else was allowed to enter. About ten o'clock the same night a guard of one of the trains, as he was passing up the line between the stations at Bow and Hackney, saw something dark on the lines, and it was afterwards found to be a man in a state of insensibility, and very severely injured. The body found turned out to be that of Mr. Briggs, who died very shortly afterwards from the injuries he had received. There was one wound which was of a very serious character, and which it was agreed by the medical gentlemen had been caused by the fall from the railway carriage on to the ground. The clothes of the deceased did not appear to bear signs of any severe struggle having taken place. The bag which he was seen to carry when he got into the omnibus was left, and some gold was found in one of his pockets, and a ring which he wore was not removed from the finger. The supposition, from the locality of the spots and marks of blood in the railway carriage, was that Mr. Briggs was attacked while sitting in the corner next the door, and most likely while he was dozing, and was thrown out of the window. The Solicitor-General said the jury might perhaps ask whether the murder was committed by one or two men. He thought the probability was that it was done by only one, as if there were more it was likely that his pockets would have been rifled and the money taken away. Then, again, there might be a question as to the instrument that was used. The stick which deceased carried, and which was found in the railway carriage with marks of blood upon it, was a stout stick, heavy on one end, and would be a very formidable weapon. Besides the bag and stick which were found in the carriage there was a hat which did not belong to Mr. Briggs, and it was possible that the murderer in the struggle had knocked off his hat, and had, in his hurry to escape, taken up the hat of Mr. Briggs instead of his own, and it appeared to him almost conclusive that the man who wore the hat found in the railway carriage on the night of the murder must have been the perpetrator of that murder. The prisoner Müller was a tailor, and had for about a week previous to the occurrence been out of work, and was about to try his fortunes in America; and it was only fair to the prisoner to draw the attention of the jury to the fact that he had decided upon leaving the country before the murder was committed. He was very poor, and had, previous to the day in question, pawned his own watch and chain for £3. The prisoner resided near Victoria Park, and the train by which Mr. Briggs travelled would pass Victoria Park station on its route, which would be the prisoner's way home, but it did not appear that he was in the habit of making use of it. On the Sunday succeeding the murder and robbery the prisoner was indeed nearly the whole day with the landlady of the house in which he lodged. At ten o'clock on the morning of the 11th, Müller was found dealing with a chain which was identified as that belonging to Mr. Briggs. It appeared he went to the shop of Mr. Death, a jeweller, in Cheapside, and produced the chain in question, and asked the value of it. Mr. Death valued it £3 10s., and the prisoner selected a chain worth £3 5s., which he said he would have in exchange. Mr. Death asked him what he would take for the odd five shillings, and he said he would have a ring, and he was given one with a coralline stone. The prisoner was seen with the chain and ring in the course of the day, and he said he had purchased them that morning. It appeared that, having exchanged the chain of Mr. Briggs, he pawned the one he obtained by the exchange, and with the money raised by that he redeemed his own watch and chain, which he took to another pawnbroker's who would lend him more money on them, and obtained £4, after which he sold the ticket, and having raised money in that manner he went to the docks and purchased a ticket for his passage to New York in a vessel which sailed on the Friday. The prisoner was not only found dealing with Mr. Briggs's chain, but, at the time of his apprehension, Mr. Briggs's watch was found in his trunk sewed up in a piece of canvas. In ordinary cases of robbery the fact of a prisoner being found so soon after the robbery in possession of the stolen property would be deemed sufficient proof of guilt; but in a case of murder they would probably require some additional evidence; and he should, he believed, be in a position to prove that the hat found in the railway carriage, which was the hat of the murderer, was the hat worn by the prisoner. He then proceeded to narrate the evidence which would be called to prove that the hat was the prisoner's. It appeared that the prisoner was acquainted with a cabman, named Matthews, whom he saw wearing a hat of a peculiar style, and whom he asked to purchase one like it for him. Matthews purchased Müller a hat, from a maker whose name was Walker; and Matthews, to whose little girl the prisoner had given the box which had been given to him by Mr. Death with the chain, having seen the placard offering a reward, brought this fact to the notice of the police; and he afterwards saw the hat found in the railway carriage, which was identified by him as the one he purchased for the prisoner. It was further identified by other witnesses as having been worn by the prisoner. Then would come the question, what was done with Mr. Briggs's hat? When the prisoner was apprehended he was in possession of a hat which he believed he would be able to show was that of Mr. Briggs. When first shown to the son of Mr. Briggs, he said it was much too low for his father's hat. That was easily accounted for, as he would call witnesses to satisfy the jury that the hat had been cut down about an inch and a half, and the brim had been put on again, not as it would have been done by a hatter with a hot iron, but it had been pasted and sewn, and sewn very neatly. He said he had now stated the principal facts, and he must say that the evidence was purely circumstantial; but he must remind the jury that great crimes could often only be discovered by evidence of such a character.

Witnesses were then called to prove the identity of Mr. Briggs; also his death. The evidence of Mr. Tonlin, a surgeon, who made a post-mortem examination, was as follows:—The cartilage of the left ear was severed; about an inch anterior was a deep wound extending to the bone; over the temple was a contused wound, superficial and grazed. There were several incised wounds on the scalp; I think as many as four. There was one wound on the crown of the head, an incised wound three inches in length. The other wounds were about three quarters of an inch, having a direction from before to behind. Upon removal of the scalp the head was found to be extensively fractured. In the centre a portion of the bone, about three quarters of an inch in length and half an inch in breadth, was entirely separated. There was an effusion of blood between the scalp and the skull-cap. The wounds on the top of the head I should say were caused by a blunt instrument used with considerable force. The wound on the left ear I also believe to have been inflicted by a blunt instrument. There were four or five distinct wounds on the scalp, which I should infer were inflicted by so many blows. There were no wounds that could be attributed to a sharp instrument.

Cross-examined—There were five or six wounds. The wound on the temple might have been caused by a fall. Deceased was about five feet eight in height. His weight, I should say, was not more than twelve stone. Mr. Brierton said—I was called to the Mitford Arms on the night of the 9th of July, and saw the deceased Mr. Briggs. He was suffering from severe concussion of the brain.

This witness, after describing the nature of the wounds, said—I examined the carriage on the Sunday morning, and found some blood upon the cushions, and some splashes of blood on the step. There was also some blood on the handle of the door. I found on the seat of the carriage a link of a chain.

Mr. Thomas Cooper was then called, and gave similar evidence to that of the two last witnesses, and said that the wound on the ear was caused by a fall on a stone.

At one o'clock the Court adjourned.

THE LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21.

BANKRUPTS.—H. P. OOK, Romford, Essex, coach-builder.—W. KENTON, Colver-road, Baiters.—J. L. LAKES, Mariborough-road, Fenchurch.—J. BACOT, King's-road, Ball's-pond.—H. CARSON, Hartwell-road, Richmond-road, Dalston, salesman.—J. WORMALD, Markham-street, Chelsea, civil engineer.—G. D.

HODGES, Portland-place, North Brixton, secretary.—J. CAVES, Keston-street, St. Pancras-road, wheelwright.—W. MATTHEWS, Whitechapel, Buckingham, bootmaker.—C. MARSDEN, North-place, Kingsland-road, decorative paper manufacturer.—W. YEATMAN, Richmond, greengrocer.—J. E. ANDREWS, Westgate, greengrocer, victualler.—G. E. CRESSWELL, Deptford, R. HENWOOD, Little Ormond-yard, Bloomsbury, publisher.—M. FETTERALD, King's-road, Chelsea, oilman.—W. MURRAY, Manchester, dealer in horses.—R. ROBINSON, St. Albans, Hertfordshire, licensed victualler.—W. H. VALPY, Little Queen-street, Westminster, surgeon.—J. GODDOLD, Westcott-grove, Hammermill, builder.—J. KERRITH, Kingston, grocer.—J. and H. BURNINGHAM, Edgeware-road, chess-players.—G. WARD, King's-road, Chelsea, carpenter.—G. M. ROE, Aldershot, grocer.—J. ROWLAND, Brondesbury-road, Kilburn, W. BUCK, North Walsham, Norfolk, carpenter.—R. W. SMITH, Whitechapel, grocer.—W. CHURCH, Hilton-road, Islington, farmer.—M. A. BOYLE, Brunswick-gardens, Kensington, engraver.—J. BAKER, Sussex-place, Cubitt Town, Poplar, journeyman sawyer.—C. W. GROSS, Halford-street, Islington, bottled-beer merchant.—J. TAYLOR, Albany-road, Holloway, carman.—H. HARRY, Hastings, tailor.—H. WEIGILL, Devonshire-buildings, Worship-street, cabinet-maker.—W. GRIFFITHS, Whitechapel, Shropshire, innkeeper.—C. J. FROST, Bristol, coachbuilder.—A. MARLAND, East Dean, Gloucestershire, coach.—H. HOGG, Bristol, W. LINSLEY and E. ARMITAGE, Leeds, curriers.—S. BALFOUR, Clackston, York, currier.—R. EMBLEY, York, York, currier.—H. WEIGILL, Leeds, dyer.—T. DIBB, Leeds, grocer.—J. MING, Liverpool, licensed victualler.—E. ELWOOD, Huxley, Cheshire, farmer.—J. WELLS, Liverpool.—J. HOBSON, Liverpool, commission merchant.—T. PARSONS, Fenchurch, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer.—J. ANDERSON, Rialto, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.—S. LAWSON, Rochdale, travelling draper.—C. ROSE, Birmingham, pattern ringer.—C. MINTY, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, rivet-maker.—E. LILLY, Birmingham, writer.—J. HARRIS, Birmingham, commission agent.—W. BENNETT, Salford, Lancashire, plasterer.—M. KASTHAM, Little Bolton, Lancashire, provision-dealer.—H. MAYALL, Manchester, staymaker.—M. HARRISON, Manchester.—W. FRANK, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Lancashire, provision-dealer.—J. A. WIGLEY, Portsea, builder.—W. J. PASELLI, Portsea, carpenter.—J. A. ALLEN, Worcester, licensed victualler.—D. SPENCE, Heywood, Lancashire, commission agent.—WIDRUP, Great Leighs, Essex, cattle-dealer.—J. C. ADcock, Leicester, stone and marble mason.—J. R. LLOYD, Nareth, Pembrokeshire, Captain in the Royal Marines.—J. SANDFORD, Holmfirth, Lancashire, innkeeper manager.—J. BOYLE, Pontolony, Glamorgan, dealer in potatoes.—W. CAMBAKE, Bishop Auckland, Durham, hairdresser.—W. NOBLE, Gombour, Cornwall.—G. KENWARD, St. Leonard-on-Sea, Sussex, shoemaker.—J. W. WINCHESTER, Dallington, Sussex, huckster.—G. PANKS, Tampton, general dealer.—C. LACEY, Halifax, bookseller.—W. MILLER, Burslem, Staffordshire, dealer.—J. CHURCHILL, Leeds, journeyman stone-mason.—E. BACON, Lancashire, commission agent.—G. CHISHOLM, Rugeley, Staffordshire, grocer.—T. WILLIAMS, Cardiff, innkeeper.—S. WALKER, Birmingham, Nottinghamshire, commission agent.—J. HUTCHINSON, Bradford, greengrocer.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA. COVENT.

GARDEN OPERA COMPANY, LIMITED.—On MONDAY, Tuesday, and Wednesday next will be performed at the celebrated Opera, MASANIELLO. Principal characters by Mmes. Parepa and Mlle. Rosa Girard; Meers, Weiss, H. Bond, A. Cook, C. Lyall, E. Dusek, and Charles Adams. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. In the incidental divertissement—Mlles. Duchateau and Bonfanti, Meers, H. Bond, and F. Lyall. Manager, Mr. A. Harris; Acting Manager, Mr. J. Russell. Commence at Eight.

Production of HELLVLYN. On THURSDAY NEXT, NOV. 3, will be produced a new Grand Opera, the music by G. A. Macfarren, the libretto by J. Oxnford, entitled HELVLYN. The cast consists of Mmes. Lemmens-Sharrington; Mr. Henry Haigh; Mr. Albert Lawrence; Mr. George Old; Mr. Henry Haigh; and Mabel, Mlle. Parepa. The Opera produced under the direction of Mr. Augustus Harris.

THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE AND MARINE ENGINEERING. The School will be OPENED on TUESDAY, NOV. 1. The Principal will give a public address in the Lecture Theatre of the South Kensington Museum, at Three p.m. Students must attend at the Principal's Office in the morning, before Twelve o'clock, to get their Papers signed.

By order of the Committee of Council on Education.

THE NEW FILTER.—Dr. FORBES says: "Mr. LIPSCOMB'S PATENT NEW FILTER is the only known method by which lead and lime are removed from drinking water. It is, therefore, a most valuable invention." Can only be had at Mr. Lipcomb's Filter Office, 213, Strand (three doors from Temple-bar). Prospectus free.

NEW CHINA GINGER, excelsior quality, 6s. 6d. per original jar, or by the case of six, 37s. 6d.—THOS. NUNN and SONS beg to call the attention of the public to their choice and superior assortment of **DESKEET FRUITS**, consisting of muscatel raisins, Jordan almonds, Elemen figs, French figs, plums, pippins, &c.; together with dried cherries, crystallised and glacé fruits, and confectionery in great variety. Their general stock of groceries is of the highest class, and they possess a most valuable collection of foreign wines, spirits, and liquors of every description also, both in cask and in bottle. Fried lists on application.—21, Lamb's Conduit-street, W.C.

SAUCE.—LEA and PERRINS' WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, pronounced by Connoisseurs to be "The only Good Sauce." None genuine without name on wrapper, label, bottle, and stopper. Sold by Cross and Blackwell, Barclay and Sons, and Grocers and Olives universally.

CAUTION.—COCKS'S CELEBRATED READING SAUCE, for Fish, Game, Steaks, Soups, Gravies, Hot and Cold Stews, and unvaried for general use, is sold by all respectable dealers in season. It is manufactured only by the executors of the sole proprietor, Charles Cocks, 6, Duke-street, Reading, the Original Sauce Warehouse. All others are spurious imitations.

COVERS for FAMILY JARS, or Jars and Covers complete, for Preserves, Pickles, &c. Illustrations and prices from **GEORGE JENNINGS,** Palace-road Wharf, Lambeth, S. Sample card sent free for four stamps.

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KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY V. COGNAC is a celebrated Old Irish Whisky rival the finest French Brandy. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d. each, at most of the respectable retail houses in London; by the appointed agents in the principal towns in England; or by wholesale at a discount. Great Windmill-street, London, W.—Observe the red seal, pink label, and branded cork, "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

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